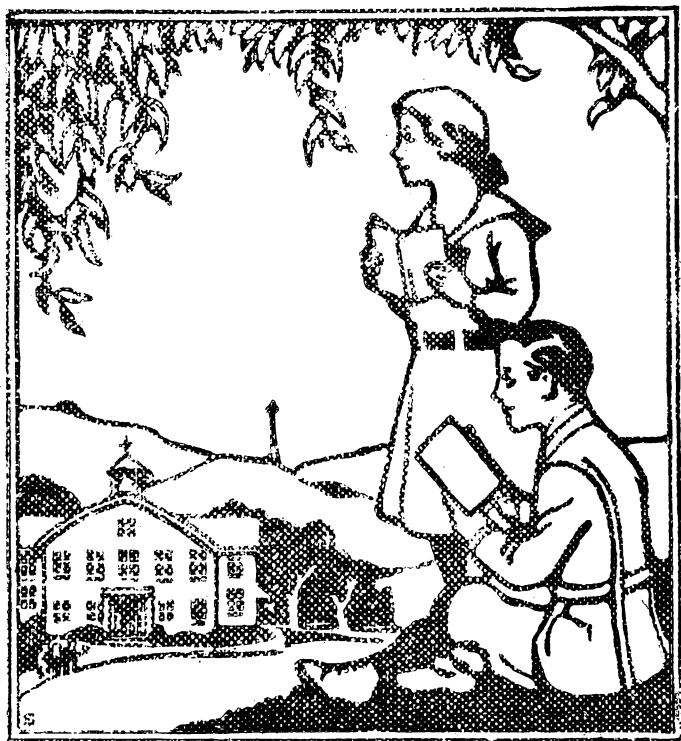


The
IDEAL CATHOLIC
READERS



FOURTH READER

THE IDEAL CATHOLIC READERS

FOURTH READER

BY

A SISTER OF ST. JOSEPH

AUTHOR OF THE "IDEAL SOUND EXEMPLIFIER,"
THE "IDEAL CATHOLIC PRIMER," ETC.



New York

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1919

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Nihil Obstat

PATRICK J. WATERS, PH.D.,
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Imprimatur

✠ WILLIAM CARDINAL O'CONNELL,
Archbishop of Boston.

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PREFACE

THE teacher of reading distinguishes two periods in the elementary grades; the period of learning to read, and the period of reading to learn. During the first three years of school life, the greater part of the time is spent in learning to read, that is, in endeavoring to master the mechanics of reading, and, at the same time, storing up mental pictures which tend to develop the faculties of the child gradually and systematically.

But when the children take up the Fourth Reader, a more varied and interesting field of literature is opened to them. Gradually they leave the realm of childhood and fancy and enter into a more realistic world. It may be said, then, that the Fourth Reader serves as a transition from the work of the Primary to that of the Grammar grades.

The Fourth Reader of The Ideal Catholic Series is arranged according to the ideas and principles of the best educators in this country. While keeping the religious feature in the foreground, the author has succeeded in introducing selections of real literary value which cannot help appealing to the true, the beautiful, and the good in the nature of the child.

The numerous narratives from the Bible, the historical accounts of the first settlers of our continent, the stories telling of the heroic work performed by the early Catholic missionaries, the interesting biographical sketches, the lessons inculcating true love of country, the admirable nature studies, the engrossing and thrilling stories, and the exquisite selection of poetry, make this reader comprehensive, literary, æsthetic, and religious.

Moreover, the excellent contents of this book place before the mind of the child the noblest and the most inspiring ideals couched in simple and refined language. They deal especially with the period of youth which has an absorbing interest for school children, and they give plenty of scope for the proper training of the imagination.

The teacher will find the Questions and Notes at the end of each lesson a valuable help in ascertaining whether the children have grasped the thought of the story. These questions and notes are merely suggestive.

The necessity of oral reproduction cannot be insisted upon too strongly. An extensive acquaintance with words is useful, but an ability to use them in expressing one's thoughts is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

Though the study of phonetics is supposed to be completed in the third grade, it is now not to be neglected. All the new or difficult words should be analyzed phonetically by the children. This will help to increase their phonetic power, and make the work of recognizing and pronouncing at first sight more easy.

Special care has been taken to include in this reader selections which will serve to develop and cultivate the different feelings of the human heart. When children feel what they are reading, good expression is secured, and the work becomes a pleasure rather than a task.

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Mannix, for “The Children and the Angels”; to Robert Welch Herrick, for “Daffodils.”

The selections from “The Pilgrim Kings,” by Thomas Walsh, from “When Great Folks were Little Folks,” by Dorothy Donnell Calhoun, are taken from Macmillan publications.

FOR THE GREATER
HONOR AND GLORY
OF GOD



Murillo.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

THE YOUNG MISSIONARIES

Xavier	delightful	interesting	departure
cassock	actually	assembled	astonishment

A few years ago, a good priest, who had spent about thirty years among the Indians, spoke to the children of a Catholic school about his labors in the West.

In the course of his delightful talk, he told the following interesting story :

“ About thirty years ago, I was sent to a certain tribe of Indians in the West. They were, indeed, very glad to see me, and gave me a warm welcome. They even received me into their tribe.

“ The Indians took great interest in everything I said and did, except when I spoke to them about God.

“ Morning and evening, I brought them to the little log church for public prayers ; and on Sunday morning, I tried to get them to go to Mass. I did everything in my power to draw them to God.

“After a few months, I noticed that the Indians were beginning to get tired of daily prayers. They began to stay away from church one by one, until it seemed that my work among them was almost useless.

“I called a special meeting of the tribe. I told them that I felt that my labors among them were next to useless. And as they did not seem to be interested in the religion of Jesus Christ, I was going to another tribe about a hundred miles away.

“No one but the children seemed to mind my departure. The little ones clung to my cassock and begged me not to go. They actually wept when they saw me going.

“A few days later, I reached the other tribe of Indians. Here I found things very different.

“From the beginning, all wished to know about the religion of Jesus Christ. In a short time, they had built a small log church. Here they assembled every time I rang the mission bell. Morning and evening prayers were said in public.

On Sunday, the Indians, young and old, took special delight in singing hymns.

“The Indian men went hunting and fishing during the day. The squaws did the work of the house, and in the springtime planted the corn.

“One Sunday morning, as I was saying Mass, two little boys from my first Indian mission came into the log church.

“On seeing them, the chief said: ‘What do you want, my little friends?’

“‘We wish to see the Black Robe.’

“‘Why do you wish to see the Black Robe?’

“‘Our chief wants to see him at once.’

“After Mass, the two Indian boys were brought to me.

“They said that they had been sent by their chief and all the members of the tribe to beg of me to visit them.

“This was a great surprise to me. I did not have the least idea of what they wanted. Neither could the boys tell me. I felt, however, that I ought to go.

“So after dinner, I bade farewell to my Indian children and started on my journey with the two boys.

“It was a long, tiresome walk. There were no roads. We had to follow a pathway over mountains and valleys, through forests and meadow lands.

“When I reached the end of my journey, my clothes were torn in several places by the briers and the brushwood of the forest, and my shoes were worn beyond repair.

“I went at once to the tent of the chief; but he was not at home. Then I hastened to the little log church, thinking he might be there.

“Imagine my astonishment to see all the tribe — men, women, and children — gathered in the little church for evening prayer. I could hardly believe my eyes. I could not understand it. However, I went on my knees and prayed with them.

“When the evening prayers were finished, every Indian present came forth and shook

hands with me. They said that they were very glad to see me.

“ I told them how pleased I was to hear them saying their evening prayers. I then asked how they had learned them.

“The chief told me that two little Indian children had taught the whole tribe their morning and evening prayers.

“ ‘ While you were with us, Father, these two children learned the prayers by heart. When you left us, they rang the bell every morning and evening, just as you did ; and when the Indians came to the church, they said the prayers just as they had seen you do.

“ ‘ Since that day all the Indians have said morning and evening prayers without fail.

“ ‘ Now, dear Father, we wish you would stay with us all the time. We will treat you better than we did when you first came to us.’

“ I told them that I should like to remain with them all the time, but that was impossible.

“ ‘ Will you visit us off and on ? ’ asked the chief.

“I promised to come to see them at least once a month. This seemed to please them.

“A few years later, the whole tribe was received into the Church on the feast of St. Francis Xavier.

“But never forget, my little friends, that mostly all this missionary work was done by two little Indian children not much older than yourselves.”

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Why did the missionary tell this story? Why did he leave his first mission? What did the two boys ask him to do? What do you mean by a Black Robe? When is the feast of St. Francis Xavier? Was St. Francis Xavier a missionary?

The noble work of Catholic missionaries should be dwelt upon whenever an opportunity presents itself.

Drill on the phrases in this and succeeding lessons.

A USEFUL LESSON

Prayers and good words within your memory store
And, at stray moments, say them o'er and o'er;
'Twill help to hallow all your work and play,
And holy thoughts will keep bad thoughts away.

— REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J.



LONGFELLOW'S DAUGHTERS.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

occupations	castle	surround	dungeon
descending	banditti	moustache	fortress

Allegra

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old moustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And molder in dust away!

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

When is the Children's Hour? Why is it called their hour? Name the children in this pretty poem. Whom were they coming to see? What did the children do? What did Longfellow say to them? What is the meaning of castle, turret, devour, banditti, fortress, occupation, raid, dungeon, entwine? Have you read any other poem by Longfellow?

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882), one of America's foremost poets, was born in Portland, Me.

WORD BUILDING

downcast	imbibe	impossible	compare
downfall	immortal	improper	complain
downhearted	impart	import	compact
downhill	impair	imprison	compute
downpour	impose	impatient	commit
downright	improve	impede	combine
downtrod	imperfect	impress	command
downward	important	implore	commence

THE BLESSED TRINITY

O Blessed Trinity!

Thy children dare to lift their hearts to Thee,
And bless Thy triple Majesty!

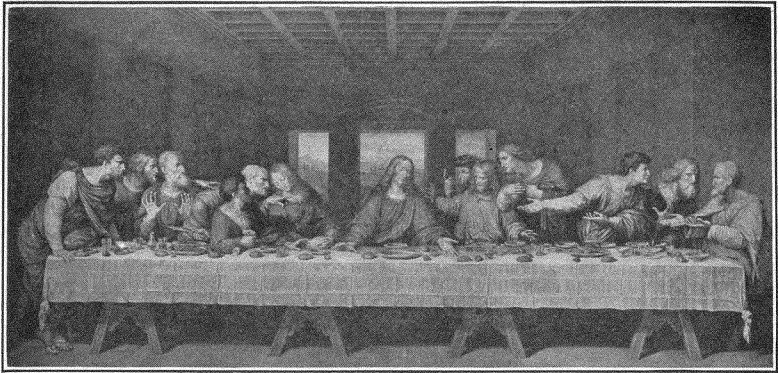
Holy Trinity!

Blessed Equal Three,

One God, we praise Thee.

—REV. F. W. FABER.

THE LAST SUPPER



disciple	pasch	chalice	testament
Eucharist	remission	divinity	appearance
Judas		instituted	

The day before Jesus was nailed to the Cross, the disciples came to Him, saying: "Where wilt Thou that we prepare for Thee to eat the pasch?"

Jesus said: "Go ye into the city to a certain man, and say to him: 'The Master saith, "My time is near at hand; with thee I make the pasch with My disciples."'"

The disciples did as Jesus told them, and they prepared the pasch.

When it was evening, Jesus sat down with His twelve disciples. While they were eating, He said : “ Amen, I say to you, that one of you is about to betray Me.”

The disciples being very much troubled began every one to say : “ Is it I, Lord?”

Jesus answering said : “ He that dippeth his hand with Me in the dish, he shall betray Me.

“ The Son of man indeed goeth, as it is written of Him ; but woe to that man by whom the Son of man shall be betrayed. It were better for him that he had not been born.”

Judas said : “ Is it I, Rabbi?”

Jesus answered : “ Thou hast said it.”

And while they were at supper, Jesus took bread, blessed, broke, and gave to His disciples and said : “ Take ye and eat. This is My Body.”

In like manner, taking the chalice, Jesus gave it to them saying : “ Drink ye all of this. For this is My Blood of the New Testament, which shall be shed for many unto the remission of sins.”

It was on this occasion that our Blessed Lord instituted the sacrament of the Blessed Eucharist which contains the Body and Blood, Soul and Divinity of Jesus Christ, under the appearance of bread and wine.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

What is meant by the "Last Supper"? Who were present at it? What Jewish feast was being celebrated on that occasion? Who betrayed Jesus? How did Jesus institute the sacrament of Holy Eucharist? What is the Holy Eucharist? What is the meaning of disciple, pasch, instituted, betray, divinity, remission?

Have the children pick out the sentences which ask questions and those which tell something.

FOUR THINGS

Four things a man must learn to do
If he would make his record true!
To think without confusion clearly;
To love his fellow-men sincerely;
To act from honest motives purely;
To trust in God and heaven securely.

— HENRY VAN DYKE.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE

sheltered forbear gushing

Woodman, spare that tree !

Touch not a single bough ;

In youth it sheltered me,

And I'll protect it now.

'Twas my forefather's hand

That placed it near his cot ;

Then, woodman, let it stand ;

Thy ax shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree,

Whose glory and renown

Are spread o'er land and sea ;

And wouldst thou hack it down ?

Woodman, forbear thy stroke !

Cut not its earth-bound ties ;

Oh, spare that aged oak,

Now towering to the skies.

When but an idle boy,

I sought its grateful shade ;

In all their gushing joy,
Here, too, my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here ;
My father pressed my hand ;
Forgive this foolish tear —
But let that old oak stand !
My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close to thy bark, old friend !
Here shall the wild-bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree ! the storm shall brave !
And, woodman, leave the spot ;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy ax shall harm it not.

— GEORGE P. MORRIS.

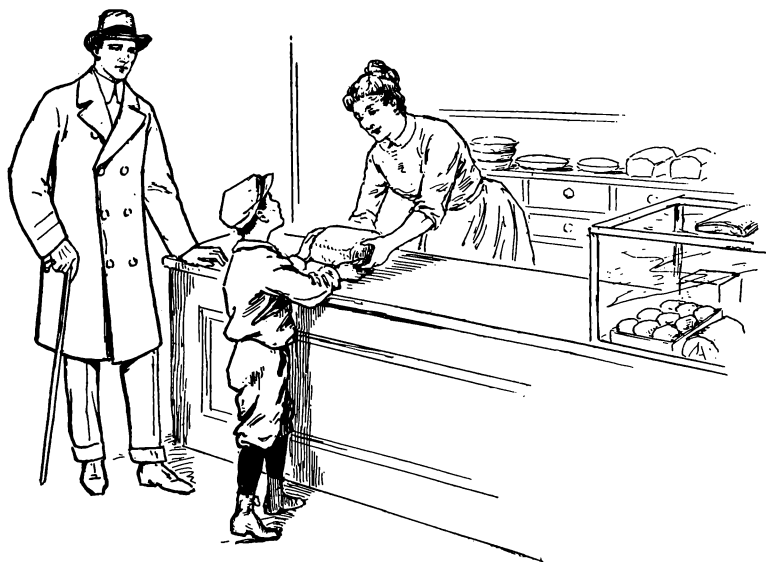
NOTES AND QUESTIONS

To whom is the poet talking? Why does he say spare the tree? What kind of a tree was it? What is meant by "Now towering to the skies"? Who else played under the shade of that tree? Did you ever see an oak tree? What is the fruit of the oak called? What use is made of the oak tree?

Use in sentences shelter, protect, cot, familiar, renown, gushing.

George Pope Morris (1802–1864), a journalist and poet of New York City, was born in Philadelphia, Penn.

THE BOY AND THE CRICKET



coaxed scolding bakery receipted debts

John Adams, a kind gentleman of thirty years, went one day into a bakery to buy some cakes.

He wanted them for his little son, Fred, who had to be coaxed to eat anything. Such pretty cakes, he thought, might make the sick boy eat.

While he waited for his change, a little boy, six or eight years old, in poor but neat clothes, entered the bakery.

“Mrs. Armstrong,” said he to the baker’s wife, “mother sent me for a loaf of bread.”

The woman took from the shelf the best loaf she could find, and put it into the arms of the little boy.

Mr. Adams, in the meantime, noticed the thin and thoughtful face of the little fellow.

“Have you any money?” asked the baker’s wife.

The little boy looked very sad.

“No, Mrs. Armstrong,” he said, hugging the loaf closer to his thin blouse; “but mother told me to say that she would come to speak to you about it to-morrow.”

“Run along,” said the good woman; “carry your bread home, child.”

“Thank you, Mrs. Armstrong,” said the poor little fellow.

Mr. Adams came forward for his change. Taking the box of cakes in his hand, he was about to leave the store, when to his great surprise, he found the child with his big loaf, whom he

supposed to be halfway home, standing behind him.

“What are you doing there?” said Mrs. Armstrong to the child. “Don’t you like your bread?”

“Oh, yes, Mrs. Armstrong!” said the child.

“Well, then, carry it to your mother, my little friend. If you wait any longer, she will think you are playing on the way home, and you will get a scolding.”

The child did not seem to hear. He was thinking of something else.

The baker’s wife went up to him, and gave him a friendly tap on the shoulder. “What *are* you thinking about?” said she.

“Mrs. Armstrong,” said the little boy, “what is it that sings?”

“There is no singing,” said she.

“Yes!” cried the little fellow. “Hear it!”

Mr. Adams and the baker’s wife both listened, but they could hear nothing but the song of the crickets.

“It is a little bird,” said the dear little fellow ;
“or perhaps the bread sings when it bakes as
the apples do? ”

“No, indeed, my little friend !” said the
baker’s wife ; “those are crickets. They are
singing in the bakery, because we are lighting
the oven, and they like to see the fire.”

“Crickets !” said the child. “Are they really
crickets? ”

“Yes, to be sure,” said Mrs. Armstrong.

The child’s face lighted up.

“I should like to have a cricket,” said the boy.

“A cricket !” said the baker’s wife, smiling.
“What in the world would you do with a cricket,
my little friend? I would gladly give you all
there are in the bakery.”

“Oh ! give me one, only one, if you please !”
said the child, clasping his little thin hands
under the big loaf.

“The song of the crickets may cheer my
poor mother, who has so much trouble, that
she is crying most of the time,” said the boy.

“Why does your mother cry?” said Mr. Adams.

“On account of her debts, sir,” said the little fellow. “Father is dead, and mother works very hard; but she cannot pay them all.”

Mr. Adams took the little boy in his arms and kissed him.

Meanwhile the baker’s wife, who did not dare to touch a cricket herself, had gone into the bakery.

She made her husband catch four crickets and put them into a box with holes in the cover, so that they might breathe.

She then gave the box to the child, who went away very happy.

“Poor little fellow!” said Mr. Adams when he had gone.

Then the baker’s wife took down her account book and, finding the page where the mother’s charges were written, wrote at the bottom of the page “Paid!”

Mr. Adams, meanwhile, had put into a little

box all the money he had in his pockets. He begged Mrs. Armstrong to send it at once to the mother of the cricket-boy, with her bill receipted.

In the box, Mr. Adams had placed a note, in which he told the mother that she had a son who would one day be her joy and her pride.

Mrs. Armstrong gave the box to her son, and told him to make haste, so as to get to the mother's house first.

The little boy with his big loaf, and his four crickets, could not run very fast, so that, when he reached home, he found his mother, for the first time in many weeks, with a smile of peace and happiness upon her lips.

The boy thought that it was the coming of his four crickets which had made his mother happy.

— *From the French of* PIERRE J. HETZEL.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Why did Mr. Adams like the little boy who came to the bakery? Was Mrs. Armstrong kind to the boy? Why did the boy want a cricket? Did the crickets make the mother happy? Who made the mother happy?

Have the children reproduce or dramatize this story.

THE CHILD'S WORLD

isles

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world,
With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast,
World, you are beautifully drest.

The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree —
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the top of the hills.

You friendly Earth, how far do you go,
With the wheat fields that nod and the rivers that
 flow,
With cities and gardens, and cliffs and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles?

Ah! you are so great, and I am so small,
I hardly can think of you, World, at all;
And yet, when I said my prayers to-day,
My mother kissed me and said, quite gay,

“ If the wonderful World is great to you,
And great to father and mother too,
You are more than the Earth, though you are
such a dot!

You can love and think, and the Earth cannot!”

— WILLIAM B. RANDS.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Who made the wonderful world? How is the world dressed?
What does the wind do? Name some of the many things in
the world. What does the child think about the earth? What
does the mother say about it?

This is a good place to introduce an elementary geography
lesson.

William B. Rands (1823–1882), an English writer and poet,
was born in Chelsea, England.

A PRISONER TO A ROBIN

Welcome! welcome, little stranger!

Welcome to my lone retreat!

Here secure from every danger,

Hop about, and chirp, and eat.

Robin! how I envy thee,

Happy child of liberty!

— JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE BROOK

loiter messenger reverie

It is the mountain to the sea
That makes a messenger of me ;
And, lest I loiter on the way
And lose what I am sent to say,
He sets his reverie to song
And bids me sing it all day long.
Farewell ! for here the stream is slow,
And I have many a mile to go.

—REV. JOHN B. TABB.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Rev. John Banister Tabb (1845–1909), a well-known lyric poet, was born in Virginia. After taking part in the Civil War, he became a Catholic, studied for the priesthood, was ordained, and subsequently was professor of literature at St. Charles College, Ellicott City, Md.

O Wind, why do you never rest,
Wandering, whistling to and fro,
Bringing rain out of the west,
From the dim north bringing snow ?

—CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST

penance	preparation	Galilee	Elias
Herodias	revenge	prophet	wilderness
	latchet		

Born in the same year as our Blessed Lord and in the same country, John the Baptist spent most of his younger days in the desert fasting and doing penance.

This life was a preparation for the great work which he was about to begin.

His dress was of camel's hair with a belt around his waist.

When he was thirty years of age, he began to preach, saying: "Do penance, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."

Then the people of Jerusalem, of Judea, and all the country about the Jordan went to John the Baptist, and were baptized by him in the river Jordan, confessing their sins.

One day, Jesus came from Galilee to be baptized by him.

John said to Him: "I ought to be baptized by You, and comest Thou to me?"

Jesus answering said to John: "Suffer it to be so now, for so it becometh us to fulfill all justice."

Jesus, being baptized, came out of the water; and lo! the heavens were opened: and He saw the Spirit of God descending as a dove and coming upon Him.

Behold a voice came from heaven, saying, "This is My Beloved Son in Whom I am well pleased."

Shortly after this remarkable event, the Jews sent to John priests to ask him: "Who art thou?"

John answered: "I am not the Christ."

They asked him: "What then? Art thou Elias?"

He said: "I am not."

"Art thou the prophet?"

And he answered: "No."

Then they said to him: "Who art thou, that we may give an answer to them that sent us?"

John the Baptist answered: "I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness; make straight the way of the Lord."

The priests said to him: "Why then dost thou baptize, if thou be not Christ, nor Elias, nor the prophet?"

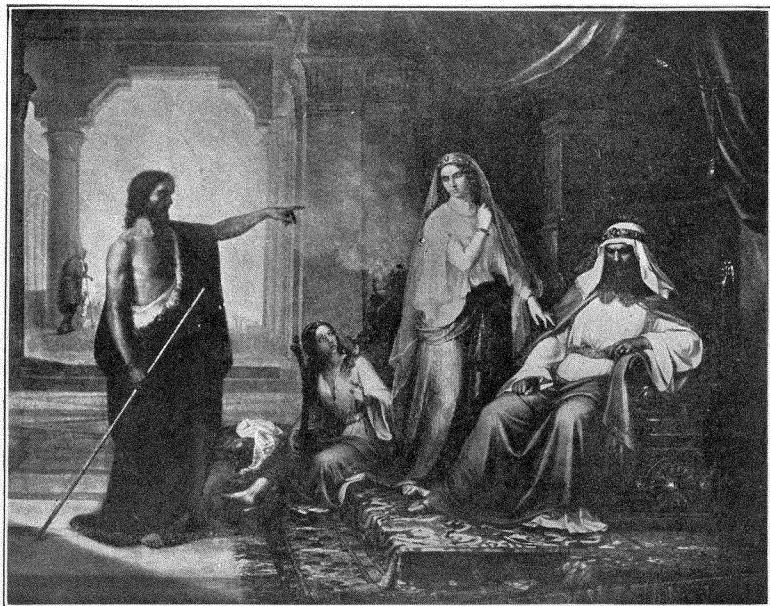
John said to them: "I baptize with water, but there hath stood One in the midst of you, Whom you know not. The same is He that shall come after me, Who is preferred before me, the latchet of Whose shoe I am not worthy to loose."

John the Baptist was really a very wonderful saint. He preached the Word of God and feared no man.

On one occasion, he told Herod that it was not right for him to marry his brother's wife, Herodias.

When Herodias heard what he had said about her, she made up her mind to have revenge.

So Herod cast John the Baptist into prison, and would have put him to death, but he was afraid of the people.



On Herod's birthday, the daughter of Herodias danced before Herod and all the guests.

She did so well that Herod promised that he would give her whatever she asked of him.

The girl went to her mother and said: "What shall I ask?"

The mother answered: "Ask for the head of John the Baptist on a dish."

Then the daughter went to Herod and said:

“Give me the head of John the Baptist on a dish.”

This request made King Herod very sad.

So, sending for a soldier, he commanded that the head of John the Baptist be brought to him.

Having beheaded the Saint in prison, the soldier put the Baptist's head on a dish and gave it to the girl.

She in turn gave it to her wicked mother, who was then satisfied.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

When and where was St. John the Baptist born? How did he dress? Why did he go into the desert? When did he begin to preach? Who baptized our Lord? What happened when Jesus came out of the water? What did the priests say to him? How did he offend Herod? What happened at Herod's birthday party? For what did the girl ask? Who told her what to ask? Was the mother satisfied?

In connection with this lesson, the teacher should tell the children about the three ways of baptizing which have been used by the Church.

Every day is a fresh beginning;

Every morn is a world made new.

— SUSAN COOLIDGE.

THE CHILD OF MARY'S PRAYER

maternal counsel siren unwary wander

Lady, as thy name we ponder,
Surely thou wilt hear our prayer ;
We are frail and apt to wander,
And we need maternal care.

We are wayward and unwary,
Lightly do we faithless prove ;
Yet we are thy children, Mary,
And we live in thy heart's love.

If the world advise us wrongly,
And we trust its siren lay,
Lady of Good Counsel, strongly
Right us, ere we go astray.

When the ills of life have tried us,
And we sorely need a friend,
Lady of Good Counsel, guide us
Safely, surely to our end.

So, whatever need o'ertake us,
Lady, still we look to thee.

May thy counsel ever make us,
Such as God would have us be.

—REV. FREDERICK C. KOLBE, D.D.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

To whom is the poet speaking? What is another word for “maternal”? When are we faithless to Mary? What do we ask the Blessed Virgin in the third stanza? Who is always a good friend of ours? For what do we pray in the last stanza?

Rev. Frederick C. Kolbe, D.D., a writer, poet, botanist, and geologist, was born in 1852. He was for many years the editor of the *Catholic Magazine of South Africa*. He is at present engaged in his priestly calling in South Africa.

WORD BUILDING

abduct	accede	addict	admit
abnormal	accept	addition	advance
absolve	acclaim	address	advent
absent	accost	adduce	advert
abstain	accord	adhere	adverb
abstract	account	admire	advise
abstruse	acquire	adjust	advice

No man is born into this world whose work
Is not born with him; there is always work,
And tools to work withal, for those who will;
And blessed are the horny hands of toil.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

TINY TIM'S CHRISTMAS DINNER

bubbling	cripple	sufficient	particular
speckled	proposed	hearth	excited
bustle	Belinda	Cratchit	Martha

Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit, dressed in a twice-turned gown. She and Belinda Cratchit, her daughter, laid the cloth and set the table, while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes.

Just then the two smaller Cratchits, a boy and a girl, came rushing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose, and known it for their own.

These young Cratchits danced about the table while Master Peter Cratchit blew the fire, until the slow potatoes, bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan lid to be let out and peeled.

"What has happened to your father?" said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother, Tiny Tim? And Martha was not as late last Christmas Day by half an hour!"

“Here’s Martha, mother!” said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

“Here’s Martha, mother!” cried the two young Cratchits.

“Hurrah! There’s such a goose, Martha!”

“Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!” said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her.

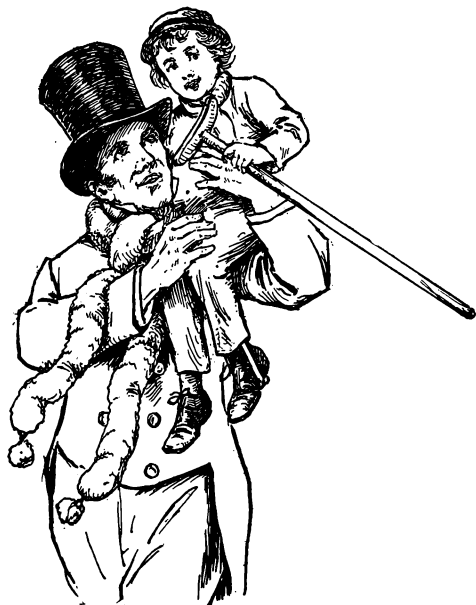
“We had a great deal of work to finish up last night,” replied the girl, “and had to clear away this morning, mother!”

“Well! never mind so long as you are come,” said Mrs. Cratchit. “Sit down before the fire, my dear.”

“No, no! There’s father coming,” cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once. “Hide, Martha, hide!”

So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed, and Tiny Tim

upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his legs supported by an iron frame.



“Why, where’s our Martha?” cried Bob Cratchit, looking around.

“Not coming,” said Mrs. Cratchit.

“Not coming!” said Bob. “Not coming upon Christmas Day!”

Martha did not like to see him disappointed, if

it were only in joke, so she came out from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits took Tiny Tim into the wash house, that he might hear the pudding singing in the kettle.

“And how did little Tim behave?” asked Mrs. Cratchit.

“As good as gold,” said Bob, “and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember, upon Christmas Day, Who made lame beggars walk and blind men see.”

Bob’s voice trembled when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken.

Master Peter and the two young Cratchits went

to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high glee.

Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds; and in truth it was something very like it in that house.

Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped.

At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was followed by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit prepared to plunge the carving knife into the breast. When she did, and when the long-expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board. Even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young

Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried, "Hurrah!"

There never was such a goose. Bob said that he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness, were on every one's lips. With apple sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family.

Indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight, looking at one small bone upon the dish, they had not eaten all of it yet! Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits in particular were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows.

But now the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone to take the pudding up and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have climbed over the wall of the back yard, and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose!

Hello! A great deal of steam! The pudding

was out of the kettle. A smell like a washing day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating house and a baker's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding!

In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered—flushed, but smiling proudly—with the pudding, like a speckled cannon ball, so hard and firm, and decked with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as the best pudding that Mrs. Cratchit had ever made. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one; and watched the chestnuts on the fire as they sputtered and cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed:

“A merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us.”

“God bless us every one!” said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

—CHARLES DICKENS.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

How many members in the Cratchit family? What day were they celebrating? What were Mrs. Cratchit and Belinda doing? Who tended to the potatoes? How did he know when they were done? Why did the two younger Cratchits rush into the house? Why was Martha late? Who brought Tiny Tim? Where had they been? What did Tiny Tim say to his father when they came out of church? Tell how the goose was prepared. What came after the goose? What did Bob Cratchit say about the pudding?

This is a good story to dramatize.

Charles Dickens (1812–1870), an English writer and novelist, was born at Portsmouth, England.

WHAT HAVE I?

The Shepherds had an Angel,
The Wise Men had a Star,
But what have I, a little child,
To guide me home from far,
Where glad stars sing together
And singing angels are?

—CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

GUARDIAN ANGEL



font patron elements sponsor rescued

My oldest friend, mine from the hour

When first I drew my breath ;

My faithful friend, that shall be mine,

Unfailing till the death.

No Patron saint, nor Mary's love,

The dearest and the best,

Has known my being, as thou hast known,

And blest, as thou hast blest.

Thou wast my sponsor at the font,

And thou, each budding year,

Didst whisper elements of truth
Into my childish ear.
Oh! who of all thy toils and cares
Can tell the tale complete,
To place me under Mary's smile,
And Peter's royal feet!
And thou wilt hang about my bed,
When life is ebbing low;
Of debt, impatience, and of gloom,
The jealous, sleepless foe.
So pray, that, rescued from the storm
Of heaven's eternal ire,
I may lie down, then rise again,
Safe, and yet saved by fire.

— CARDINAL NEWMAN.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Whom does the poet call his faithful friend? What does the Guardian Angel do? Explain the third line in the third stanza. What will the Guardian Angel do when we are dying? What request does the poet make to the Guardian Angel?

Have the children give the meaning of consigned, sponsor, font, elements, ire.

John Henry Cardinal Newman (1801–1890), one of the most eminent writers of English prose, was born in London, England.

WORD BUILDING

backbone	begone	deface	eject
background	behold	defeat	elate
backhand	below	deform	elect
backstitch	before	degrade	emit
backwater	beneath	delight	erase
backstop	behave	delay	erect
backwoods	beside	destroy	equip
backward	bestow	descend	evolve

MISTLETOE

To the cradle bough of a naked tree,
Benumbed with ice and snow,
A Christmas dream brought suddenly
A birth of mistletoe.

The shepherd stars from their fleecy cloud
Strode out on the night to see;
The Herod north-wind blustered loud
To rend it from the tree.

But the old year took it for a sign,
And blessed it in his heart:
“With prophecy of peace divine,
Let now my soul depart.”

— REV. JOHN B. TABB.

THE FLOOD

Noe*	female	raven	sacrifice
cubits	fifty	Armenia	olive

Many, many years ago, after the time of Cain and Abel, the people became very wicked. They lost sight of their duties to God, and committed all kinds of sin and crime.

When God saw that there was so much evil in the hearts of men, He said: "I will destroy man whom I have created; yea, more, I will destroy the beasts of the fields, the creeping things, and the fowls of the air."

But among all these wicked and sinful people, there was a just man called Noe.

God told him to build an ark, and to cover it inside and out with pitch.

The length of the ark was three hundred cubits, its breadth was fifty cubits, and its height thirty cubits.

It was three stories high with many little

* Noe is sometimes spelled Noah.

rooms. But strange to say, it had only one window, and a door set in the side.

God then told Noe that there was to be a great flood upon the earth. This would destroy every living creature.

But God, wishing to save Noe, said to him :
“Thou shalt enter into the ark, thou and thy sons, and thy wife, and the wives of thy sons with thee.

“And of every living creature, thou shalt bring two of a sort, male and female, into the ark, that they may live with thee.

“Thou shalt also take with thee enough of all food that may be eaten.”

After Noe, his family, and two or more of all the living creatures on earth were within the ark, the flood-gates of heaven were opened, and the rain fell upon the earth forty days and forty nights.

And the waters increased and lifted up the ark on high from the earth, until it was fifty cubits higher than the mountains which it covered.

Every living creature that was not in the ark

was destroyed; for the flood remained upon the earth one hundred and fifty days.

At the end of this time, God remembered Noe and all the living creatures in the ark. He sent a wind upon the earth which caused the waters to abate.

On the seventh month, the ark rested upon the mountains in Armenia.

The waters kept growing less and less until the tenth month when the tops of the mountains appeared.

Forty days after this, Noe opened the window of the ark, and sent forth a raven which did not return till the waters were dried up.

Then Noe sent forth a dove to see if the waters had ceased.

The dove, not finding a place on which to rest, returned to him into the ark, for the waters were still upon the whole earth.

Seven days later, he again sent forth the dove. She returned in the evening carrying a few leaves of an olive tree in her mouth.



Noe then understood that the waters had ceased upon the earth.

A week later Noe again sent forth the dove. But she never returned.

Then Noe, opening the cover of the ark, looked and saw that the face of the earth was dry.

God spoke to him, saying: "Go out of the ark, thy wife and thy sons and the wives of

thy sons with thee. Bring out with thee all living things, and go ye upon the earth."

In thanksgiving, Noe built an altar to the Lord, and offered sacrifice.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Why did God send the flood? How were Noe and his family saved? How long did it rain? What happened to all the men and all the other living creatures that were not in the ark? Why did Noe send out a raven? How did he know that the face of the earth was dry? When he came out of the ark, how did he thank God?

What is the meaning of cubit, ark, abate, sacrifice?

A CHILD'S THOUGHT OF GOD

They say that God lives very high ;

But, if you look above the pines,
You cannot see our God ; and why ?

And, if you dig down in the mines,

You never see Him in the gold ;
Though from Him all that's glory shines.

God is so good He wears a fold

Of heaven and earth across His face,
Like secrets kept for love, untold.

—ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

TAKE CARE

cruel ugly contrive violet reflected
cherish

Little children, you must seek
 Rather to be good than wise,
For the thoughts you do not speak
 Shine out in your cheeks and eyes.

If you think that you can be
 Cross or cruel, and look fair,
Let me tell you how to see
 You are quite mistaken there.

Go and stand before the glass,
 And some ugly thought contrive,
And my word will come to pass
 Just as sure as you're alive !

What you have, and what you lack,
 All the same as what you wear,
You will see reflected back ;
 So, my little folks, take care !

And not only in the glass
Will your secrets come to view ;
All beholders, as they pass,
Will perceive and know them, too.
Goodness shows in blushes bright,
Or in eyelids dropping down,
Like a violet from the light ;
Badness, in a sneer or frown.
Out of sight, my boys and girls,
Every root of beauty starts ;
So think less about your curls,
More about your minds and hearts.
Cherish what is good, and drive
Evil thoughts and feelings far ;
For, as sure as you're alive,
You will show for what you are.

— ALICE CARY.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

What should little children seek? How can you tell the thoughts that children do not speak? What is meant by "Go and stand before a glass"? What will you see in the glass? Who else will know your secret thoughts?

Have the children pick out the commanding sentences in this poem.

A LITTLE GIRL AND HER CONSCIENCE



gingham consumption distinct recollection
earnest terrible

One pleasant afternoon, Agnes and I were seated in the neat room which served Miss Jane Woods for parlor, kitchen, and bedroom.

The lady of the house was sitting in an arm-chair. She wore a clean gingham dress, and a

plain cap, as white as the driven snow, covered her silver locks.

A little round table stood beside her. On it were her knitting and some religious books which she read many times a day.

“I am delighted to see you, dear,” was her affectionate welcome. “Do I know this lady with you?”

“No,” I answered; “she is a friend of mine.”

“I am glad to see her if she is your friend,” she said.

“May I ask you, Miss Woods, if you feel well enough to-day to tell my friend, Agnes, the story of your life?”

“What! the whole story?”

Miss Woods was silent for a minute or two, as if to collect her thoughts. Then she began:

“My father, who was a sailor, lost his life at sea, when I was two years old. My mother never had very good health. About six years after my father’s death she fell into consumption.

“I was too young to remember much of her,

but I have a distinct recollection of seeing her often sitting by the window looking out into the beautiful world about her. Sometimes her lips would move in prayer; and occasionally a big tear might be seen on her pale face.

“One day she called me to her, and said with an earnest voice, ‘God save my child from the evil that is in the world, and give her the grace of a good conscience.’

“These last words I shall never forget. The very next day she died.

“This was the first time I had seen any one die. But there was such a happy, peaceful expression on my mother’s face, that death did not seem very terrible to me, till I found that they were going to carry her away.

“I think I must have believed that she was asleep, and expected her to awake; for, when they started to take her body from me, I hardly knew what I was doing, and begged them to leave me my mother.

“Mrs. Brown, a kind old lady, took me in her

lap, put her arms around me, and tried to soothe and comfort me.

“She told me that my mother had gone to heaven; that it was only her body that was dead; but her soul was living, and had gone to God.

“‘But I want to see her,’ said I.

“‘You will see her again, my child, if you are good,’ said Mrs. Brown.

“This good lady took me home with her; and it is to her kindness I owe everything.

“I had neither money nor relatives. My mother had made a living by taking in sewing, but had nothing to leave me.

“Now, at this moment, when I am so old, and forget so many things, how well I remember her and all she said!

“It seems as if I could hear her say, ‘What should I do without you, my little Jane?’

“I would rather live over those days, when I was trying to help and comfort my dear mother, than any other part of my life.

“Children do not realize how much they can

do for their parents. They do not know what a source of comfort it will be to them in after years to think that they have lessened the sufferings of a tired or sick mother.

“Mrs. Brown told me that she would send me to school, and that I should always have a home at her house. She also said that, as she was not very rich, I would be expected to work hard at school, as well as to do all I could to help her at home.

“She gave me such good advice, and told me I must never do anything without first asking my conscience whether it was right to do it.

“I was so thankful to my kind friend for her tender care of me, that I always tried to do what she told me.

curious	meddle	guilty	modesty
	criminal	despised	

“I had not been long in school, before my conscience was tested.

“One day, when the teacher went out of the

room during recess, she left her penknife open upon her desk. Nearly all the girls took it into their hands to look at it, for it had a number of blades, and was rather curious. Some of them tried the knife to see how sharp it was.



“We had been told not to meddle with anything on the teacher’s desk.

“As I was one of the small girls, I did not get a chance to look at it until all had seen it. But when the other children ran out to the play-

ground and I was left alone, I went to the desk, took up the knife and opened and shut all the blades.

“ When the teacher returned, she immediately saw that we had taken up her knife.

“ ‘Some one,’ she said, ‘has been using my penknife. I am sure of it, because the blade that I left open is now shut, and another blade is nicked. Who did it?’

“ Not a girl spoke. I thought that I was the only one who had opened and shut the blades, but I knew I had not nicked either of them. I knew also that all the other girls had taken up the knife. I did not like to take the whole blame. So I did not tell the teacher what I had done.

“ After waiting a few moments, the teacher said: ‘As no one admits having touched my knife, I shall have to punish the innocent with the guilty. I shall take away a merit from all of you, except those few girls who, I feel sure, would not disobey me.’

“There were only five girls in the class who did not lose a merit, and I was one of them.

“As she named them over, and gave her reasons for believing them innocent, when she came to me, she said, ‘Little Jane Woods has been so orderly and so good ever since she came here, that I am sure that it was not she who did it, and, if she had done it, I am sure she would say so.’

“I felt as if I was choking. I put my head on the desk, so that no one could see my face. But the girls thought that my modesty made me appear so confused. No one but God and myself knew that I had a guilty conscience.

“I felt too much ashamed to speak. I thought of nothing else during schooltime. I failed in all my lessons. The teacher, thinking I was sick, sent me home.

“As I went along the street, I recalled all that Mrs. Brown had said to me, and I understood then what she meant by saying that conscience is the voice of God in my heart.

“Though no one accused me, I felt like a criminal. Every one thought well of me; my teacher and my companions all loved me; but I despised and hated myself. I felt that God was displeased with me.

“As usual I went directly to Mrs. Brown to ask her what she had for me to do.

“‘Why, what is the matter, Jane? You do not look like yourself. Have you been naughty, or are you sick, child?’

“I could not bear to have her speak so kindly to me when I did not deserve it. So I burst into tears and told her all.

“‘And now, Jane, what are you going to do?’

“‘I want you, Mrs. Brown, to tell the teacher, if you please.’

“‘Better tell her yourself,’ she answered.

orphan	notch	announcement	courage
	tender	worse	

“I went a little before schooltime, that I might see the teacher alone.

“When I entered the classroom, I heard her say to a friend, ‘This is my dear little orphan girl.’

“She called me to her, and took me in her lap.

“‘Well, honest little Jane,’ she said, ‘why do you not look up in my face, as you always do?’

“This was too much for me. I burst into tears and put my hands over my face.

“‘What is the matter, Jane?’ said she.

“As soon as I could speak, I said: ‘It was I who opened the knife. I was wicked when you thought I was good, for I did not tell the truth. I opened and shut all the blades, and I cut a notch on my nail with one.’

“When I had told the teacher, I felt better. It seemed as if a great load had been taken off my heart.

“In a few minutes, the teacher said to me: ‘I am sorry that you did wrong, Jane; but I am very glad that you have a tender conscience.

“ ‘I trust, my dear Jane, that you are so sorry for what you have done, that you will never again commit such a fault.

“ ‘Taking my knife in your hands was merely a thoughtless act of disobedience, but it was very wrong not to tell me when I asked who did it.’

“I realized that the teacher thought that I was the only one who had touched her knife. She believed me worse than I really was.

“Then she said to me, ‘You must tell the whole school that it was you who took my knife.’

“While she was talking, the girls had entered the classroom. I had cried so much that I could hardly speak. So she said that, as I was a little girl, she would speak for me.

“As soon as she had made the announcement, nearly every girl in the school said: ‘It was not little Jane, it was I.’

“This gave me courage to speak. So I said: ‘Yes, I did take it up when you were all out on the playground. I opened and shut all the blades, and cut a little notch on my nail.’

“ ‘And so did I!’ ‘And so did I!’ was heard from a number of voices.

“ ‘And we took it first,’ said the other girls.

“ When there was silence, the teacher told us that she was glad to see that, although we had not obeyed conscience in the morning, we were doing so now.

“ ‘And are you not all happier?’ she said.

“ ‘Yes,’ they all said.

“ ‘And is not God good, to put this feeling in your hearts, that makes you unhappy when you do wrong, and happy when you do right?

“ ‘Follow your conscience, children, and it will lead you to heaven.’ ”

— *Adapted from* EMILY H. MILLER.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Name the chief characters in this story. Tell about Miss Jane Woods and her home. Who came to visit her? What did they wish to hear? Tell about Miss Woods’ father and mother. What advice did the mother give Jane? When the mother died, who took care of Jane? What good advice did Mrs. Brown give Jane? What does conscience do? How was Jane’s conscience tested? How did the teacher punish the girls?



THE LITTLE BOY'S GOOD NIGHT

The sun is hidden from our sight,
The birds are sleeping sound ;
'Tis time to say to all, "Good night!"
And give a kiss all round.

Good night! my father, mother dear:
Now kiss your little son ;
Good night! my friends, both far and near ;
Good night to every one !

Good night! ye merry, merry birds :
Sleep well till morning light ;

Perhaps if you could sing in words,
You would have said, "Good night!"

To all my pretty flowers, Good night!
You blossom while I sleep;
And all the stars that shine so bright
With you their watches keep.

The moon is lighting up the skies,
The stars are sparkling there;
'Tis time to shut your weary eyes,
And say your evening prayer.

—ELIZA LEE FOLLEN.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

The exclamatory sentences as well as the exclamation points in this poem should be called to the attention of the children.

Mrs. Eliza Lee Follen (1787–1859), a popular author and poet, was born in Massachusetts.

WORD BUILDING

afford	almost	among	another
affront	already	amuse	announce
affect	always	amend	annoy
affix	also	amount	annex
affirm	almighty	amid	annotate
afflict	although	amidst	annul
affright	altogether	amaze	answer

THE BOY WHO ALWAYS FORGOT

dreadfully blunders solemn undertaken
punishment fortitude considerate

One of the best boys in the world was James Powers, but he had one bad habit. He constantly forgot to close the doors. One day, Slypaws, the puss, crept into the sitting room and caught mamma's dear little bird, Dick.

James felt very bad. If he had not been a great big boy of eleven, he would have cried just as Mary, his baby sister, had done.

Then, one day, James left the gate open, and Mary ran away. James was so scared that he did not know that he cried.

Mamma's pale, frightened face haunted him for days, and he actually did better.

Of course Mary was found, but at the end of a week James forgot all about it, left the chicken-house door unlocked, and some one stole many of his hens.

These were his most serious forgettings, and yet they did not break his bad habit.

He was always forgetting his books, his bat, his ball, or anything that could be forgotten.

If mamma sent him upstairs for anything, he would forget what it was, and would call down after a long time: "What did you want, mamma?"

Truly he was enough to try the patience of a saint, but Mrs. Powers was a very kind woman. She never dared to send him on an errand, since he had brought home nails instead of butter when there was company. "I forgot," was all he said, but he was dreadfully ashamed. Yet he went on making such blunders.

At last, mamma took her little boy on her knee—James felt that he would never be too old for that position—and brushing back his curls with her hands, she said: "What is inside my boy's mind that should make him always forget?"

James could only answer with solemn eyes:



“ I do not know, mamma.”

“ Neither do I,” said mamma. “ His little heart is good — just as good and willing as his mind is forgetful. What shall we do to cure him? ”

James answered even more solemnly than before :

“ I do not know, mamma.”

“ Neither do I,” again replied mamma.

But that night she and papa had a long talk,

and they decided that James must be taught a lesson. It began that very Saturday night.

“Did you bring me a new hat, papa?” asked James.

“Oh, I forgot,” papa answered, turning his head to hide his tell-tale eyes.

Poor James’ lip trembled.

“I cannot go to grandma’s, papa, to-morrow,” he said.

“I am sorry ; I truly am,” papa replied gravely.

And he was sorry he had undertaken this punishment.

James’ birthday came the next week, and mamma told him he might have a party. But when the day came she said :

“Bless me, I forgot to invite any one.”

James had not felt so bad since Mary had run away. He spent his twelfth birthday in his own room, trying hard to keep back the tears.

It took all of mamma’s fortitude to spoil her boy’s pleasure, and she was glad that papa had been considerate, and brought him a pair of boots.

That evening James was almost happy again, stamping about in his squeaky boots, but there was a very sore spot in his heart for many days after.

harvest	lawyer	consoled
requests	purposely	anguish
	improvement	

“Papa, may I go to the harvest home with you?” James asked one fall day.

“I guess so,” replied papa. But when the day came, he went early in the morning, and forgot to call James.

Papa was a lawyer, and often spoke at harvest homes. James had counted much on this trip, and was very much disappointed at not going. Papa, however, brought him a handsome knife, which consoled him somewhat. But the disappointment had been as keen as though no reward was coming.

“Papa, will you please ask the teacher if she will excuse me at recess this afternoon? Mamma

is going to take me to grandma's," was James' next request.

"I will try to remember," said papa; but when he came home at noon, in reply to James, he answered:

"I forgot."

And so James had to stay in school all day, while mamma and Mary drove out to the farm where Henry and Will were, and where the most delightful times in the world were to be had.

And so it continued.

James was a bright boy, and soon found out that his parents were forgetting purposely, and that if he wished to have requests granted him, he must mend his own ways.

As the days went by, he ceased forgetting, and it seemed as though papa and mamma were falling into that bad habit.

Now that James had his boots, he greatly desired a pair of skates for Christmas.

He talked it over with Mary, with mamma and

papa, but he was afraid the latter would forget to buy them.

This thought caused him secret anguish.

At last, fearing he could not stand so keen a disappointment, he said to mamma :

“I will truly, truly be good, if papa does not forget my skates.”

Mamma, who had noted her little boy's improvement, said she would caution papa not to forget.

So when Christmas morning dawned, there were James' skates awaiting him.

James had learned his lesson ; there was no more forgetting.

— *Adapted from the Sacred Heart Review.*

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

What bad habit did James Powers have? Do you ever forget anything? Tell some of the things James forgot. What did his mother say to him? What did his father do? Why did not James have a birthday party? What is meant by a “harvest home”? What good time did James miss? Why were the parents forgetting purposely? Did he get his Christmas present?

This story lends itself to reproduction and dramatization.

THE CHICKEN'S MISTAKE

wistfully

scratching

muttered

sphere



A little downy chicken one day
Asked leave to go to the water,
Where she saw a duck with her brood at play,
Swimming and splashing about her.

Indeed, she began to peep and cry,
When her mother wouldn't let her :
“ If ducks can swim there, why can't I ;
Are they any bigger or better ? ”

Then the old hen answered, “ Listen to me,
And hush your foolish talking ;

Just look at your feet, and you will see
They are only made for walking.”
But chicky wistfully eyed the brook,
And didn’t half believe her,
For she seemed to say, by a knowing look,
Such stories couldn’t deceive her.
And as her mother was scratching the ground,
She muttered lower and lower,
“I think I can go there and not get drowned,
And so I think I’ll show her.”
Then she made a plunge, where the stream was
deep,
And saw too late her blunder ;
For she hadn’t hardly time to peep
Till her foolish head went under.
And now I hope her fate will show
The child, my story reading,
That those who are older sometimes know
What you will do well in heeding.
That each content in his place should dwell,
And envy not his brother ;

And any part that is acted well,
Is just as good as another.
For we all have our proper sphere below,
And this is a truth worth knowing.
You will come to grief if you try to go
Where you were never made for going.

— PHOEBE CARY.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

What did the chicken wish to do? What did her mother think about it? Why could she not swim? Was the little chicken satisfied? What did she do? What happened to her when she jumped into the stream? What lesson should children learn from this poem? Do you think that you know more than your mother?

Have the children point out all the words beginning with a capital in this poem, and tell why they are capitalized.

Phœbe Cary (1824–1871), a writer and poet, was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, and spent the last twenty years of her life in New York City.

A birdie with a yellow bill
Hopped upon the window sill,
Cocked his shining eye, and said,
“Ain’t you ’shamed, you sleepy-head?”

— ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

ABRAHAM

kindred	Chanaan *	descendants
prospered	Isaac	vision
holocaust	victim	numerous

Several hundred years after the time of Noe, the Jewish people started to build a tower that would reach to heaven.

The Lord came down to see the city and the tower which the descendants of Adam were building.

And He said: "Behold it is but one people, and all have one language."

In order to prevent them from building the tower, God confounded their language.

Not knowing what each other said, the people were unable to build either the city or the tower, and went into strange countries.

A long time after this happened, God said to Abraham: "Go out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and out of thy father's house, and come into the land which I shall show thee.

* Chanaan is sometimes spelled Canaan.

“I will make thee a great nation, and I will bless thee.”

So Abraham did as the Lord had commanded him. After a long journey he reached the land of Chanaan.

Here he and his descendants increased and prospered.

The Lord appeared to Abraham, and said to him: “To thy children will I give this land.”

Abraham then built an altar to the Lord Who had appeared to him.

During his long and eventful life, Abraham was a kind and peaceful man who tried in every way to do the will of God.

And the Lord blessed him for the goodness of his heart.

At one time, God, in order to try the faith of Abraham, said to him: “Take thy son Isaac, go into the land of vision, and there offer him for a sacrifice.”

So Abraham rising up in the night took with him two young men, and Isaac, his son. When

he had cut wood to make the fire, he went his way to the place which God had commanded him.

On the third day, as he lifted up his eyes, he saw the place afar off.

Then he said to the young men: "Stay you here. I and the boy will go yonder. After we have worshiped, we will return to you."

He took the wood of the holocaust, and gave it to Isaac, his son, while he himself carried in his hands fire and a sword.

As the two went on together, Isaac said: "My father."

Abraham answered: "What wilt thou, son?"

"Behold fire and wood," said Isaac. "Where is the victim for the holocaust?"

Abraham replied: "God Himself will provide a victim for the holocaust, my son."

When Abraham came to the place which God had shown him, he built an altar, and laid the wood upon it. Then he bound Isaac and laid him upon the pile of wood on the altar.

Abraham next put forth his hand and took the sword to sacrifice his son Isaac.

At that instant an angel of the Lord called to him, saying: "Abraham, Abraham."

He answered: "Here I am."

The angel said to him: "Lay not thy hand upon thy son, neither do thou anything to him. Now I know thou fearest God."

Then the Lord said: "Because thou hast done this thing, and hast not spared thy son Isaac for My sake, I will bless thee, and thy descendants shall become numerous as the stars in heaven or as the grains of sand on the sea-shore; because thou hast obeyed My voice."

—THE OLD TESTAMENT.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Why did the Jewish people start to build a tower? What prevented them from doing so? What caused them to separate? What did God tell Abraham to do? How did God try Abraham's faith? What did the angel say to Abraham? What did God say to him?

Have the children point out the beginning and the end of each quotation in this lesson.

MOTHER AND SON

tattered blistered loathing frenzy

Hungry, and tired, and worn,

Just the age of my Willie ;

Dirty, and tattered, and torn —

Ah, well, I am growing silly !

What does it matter to me

If a beggar boy be weary ?

I am craving hopelessly

For the face of my own, own dearie.

Come in, poor boy, and sit down.

Where are thy father and mother ?

Dead, and thou'st walked from town,

Begging from one and another ;

Hoping for work and for bread ;

With feet all blistered and bleeding ;

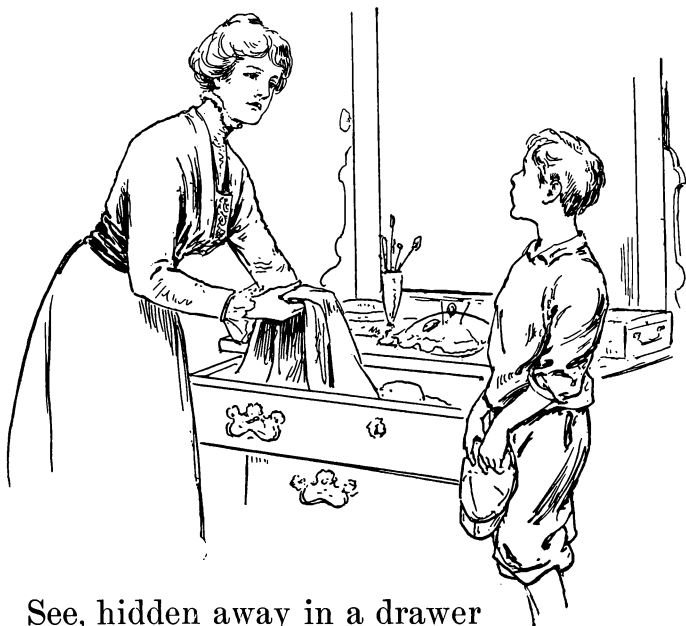
And so thy mother is dead,

Thy troubles no longer heeding ?

She is not thinking of thee,

Happy herself in heaven —

Just as coldly from me
He went, my boy of eleven.
Spite of my cries and tears,
Spite of my grief and madness,
All through these cruel years
Silent is he in his gladness.



See, hidden away in a drawer
Here is my darling's clothing ;
When he could wear it no more
I put it aside in loathing.

Yet oft in a tender dream,
But half in my woe believing,
I have wept o'er each fold and seam
In a frenzy of loving and grieving.
But thou shalt wear them now ;
Thou shalt travel and weep no longer,
And the smile of thy youthful brow
Shall make me better and stronger ;
And looking down on me,
Mayhap, thy mother in heaven
Will turn, for dear sake of thee,
And love him, my dear boy of eleven.

—LADY GILBERT.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

How many characters mentioned in this poem ? Are they all living ? Tell about each. What did the mother say about her Willie ? Why did she adopt the poor boy ?

This is a good selection for a recitation.

Lady Gilbert (Rosa Mulholland), a charming poet and novelist, was born at Belfast, Ireland, in 1869.

Honor thy father and thy mother, as the Lord
thy God hath commanded thee.

—DEUT. v. 16.

A WISE LIONESS

African	approached	mournful	plaintive
reckoned	species	benefactor	assistance

A sailor, belonging to the wood party of a ship, wrecked upon the African coast, by some means found himself alone. As he continued to use the ax in felling a large tree, a huge lioness approached him.

The man gave himself up as lost; but very soon after, he began to perceive that the manner and the expression of the animal were mild, and even mournful; and that he had no danger to fear from her.

The lioness first looked at him, then behind her, and upwards into the tree. She walked a few steps from him upon the path by which she had come. Then she returned, and went again, acting much as a dog would that wished you to follow him.

The sailor followed the lioness. She led him some little distance, till, near the foot of a tall

tree, she stopped and looked up, with plaintive cries, into its branches.

The sailor, thus directed, looked up at the branches of the tree; and soon discovered, at a great height, a large ape playing with a cub lion, which he had carried thither for his amusement. The wants and wishes of the lioness were now easily understood by the sailor.

The lion, though usually reckoned among the species of cat, differs entirely from it in this particular, as in many others, that it cannot climb a tree.

But equally in vain would it have been for the sailor to climb after the cub, for the ape would have enjoyed the frolic, by leaping with its prey from branch to branch. So the only chance was to apply the ax to the bottom of the tree.

To work, therefore, he went; the lioness, which had seen other trees felled by the ax of the stranger, standing by and impatiently awaiting the event.

The ape kept his seat till the tree fell, and

then fell with it. The moment the robber reached the ground, the lioness sprang upon him with the swiftness and sureness of a cat springing upon a mouse, and killed him. Then taking her cub in her mouth, looking gratefully at the sailor, she walked contentedly away from her benefactor, to whose skill and friendly assistance she had made her appeal. — SMITH'S WONDERS.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

How did the sailor get to the African coast? Where is Africa? What was the sailor doing? Who came to visit him? How did she act? Did the sailor follow her? How did the sailor get the baby lion from the top of the tree? What did the lioness do with the ape?

Tell the children some interesting facts about Africa and its inhabitants.

WORD BUILDING

enable	enlist	exact	explain
encamp	enrage	exalt	explode
enclose	entrap	excel	explore
encircle	enthrone	exhale	export
encounter	enfold	exit	expose
endear	engage	exile	express
endure	enrol	exhibit	extreme
enforce	encourage	extend	except
enfeeble	ensnare	expand	expend

LITTLE CHILDREN

baron's swarthy sympathy experience league

Sporting through the forest wide;
Playing by the waterside;
Wandering o'er the healthy fells;
Down within the woodland dells;
All among the mountains wild;
Dwelleth many a little child!

In the baron's hall of pride;
By the poor man's fireside;
'Mid the mighty, 'mid the mean,
Little children may be seen,
Like the flowers that spring up fair,
Bright and countless everywhere!

In the fair isles of the main;
In the desert's lone domain;
In the savage mountain-glen,
'Mid the tribes of swarthy men;
Wheresoe'er the sun hath shone
On the league of peopled ground,
Little children may be found!

Blessings on them! they in me
Move a kindly sympathy,
With their wishes, hopes, and fears;
With their laughter and their tears;
With their wonder so intense,
And their small experience!

Little children, not alone
On the wide earth are ye known.
'Mid its labors and its cares,
'Mid its sufferings and its snares;
Free from sorrow, free from strife,
In the world of love and life,
Where no sinful thing hath trod —
In the presence of your God,
Spotless, blameless, glorified —
Little children, ye abide!

— MARY HOWITT.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Where does the poet say that children are found? In the second stanza to what are children compared? How do the children appeal to the poet? Where else do little children abide? Give the meaning of fells, dells, baron, swarthy, league, sympathy, experience.

THE PROTECTOR OF THE INDIANS

Father Las Casas	San Domingo	priesthood
ordained	Dominican	opposed
Chiapas	official	chivalry
endeavored	persevere	

Among the first Catholic missionaries who came with Columbus to this continent to spread the religion of Jesus Christ, there are few who have done more good for the betterment of the Indians and for the greater honor and glory of God than Father Las Casas.

This heroic priest was born in Spain in 1474 of noble parents. But history tells us very little of his early years.

In March, 1493, he saw the great Christopher Columbus who had returned to Spain after having discovered America.

Then too he saw for the first time the seven American Indians that Columbus had taken back to Spain with him.

Las Casas went to study law. After becom-

ing a lawyer, he left Spain for America. He landed at San Domingo on the fifteenth day of April in the year 1502.

At first, he became a farmer and a miner. A few years later, however, he began to study for the priesthood.

In the first week of November, 1510, Las Casas was ordained a priest. This event was the occasion of general rejoicing among the Spanish Catholics, for Las Casas has the distinction of being the first person raised to the priesthood in this continent.

A year or two after this, Father Las Casas became the protector of the Indians, and on September 17, 1516, the King and the Queen of Spain made him the official protector of the Indians.

Why did the Indians need a protector?

Because some of the men who had come from Spain to this continent thought more of getting rich than they did of making Christians of the Indians.

It happened in this way. The Spaniards needed people to work for them. Their own countrymen were not willing to come to America in large numbers. So, many of the Spaniards made the Indians work in the mines and in the fields.

Things went from bad to worse till the poor Indians were considered as mere slaves by many of the Spaniards; and were treated more like horses than human beings.

This is the reason that Father Las Casas did everything in his power to better the condition of the Indians and to bring them into the one true fold.

He claimed that the Indians were free men, and that no one had any right to make them slaves. To do so, he said, was unjust and criminal.

In the year 1521, Father Las Casas entered the Dominican Order, and four or five years later, he again took up his great work as the protector of the Indians.

In his noble efforts to better their condition, he visited the Spanish officials in the country, he appealed to the chivalry of the Spaniards, and he went several times to Spain to interest the King and the Queen in his work.

It must be said that these rulers were strongly opposed to the way in which the Indians were being treated, and endeavored to have them protected.

In the year 1544, Father Las Casas was made the bishop of Chiapas. Here he labored zealously for the souls of his flock, but especially for his dear Indians.

In 1551, he returned to his native land; and at the ripe old age of ninety-two, in 1566, he died the death of the just.

His fellow Dominicans knelt around his humble couch and recited the prayers for the dying. Then the Protector of the Indians, holding in his hand the lighted candle, begged his brother Dominicans to persevere in their defense of the Indians, and asked them to join him in

prayer to God that he might be forgiven for any faults or sins which he might have committed.

Thus died one of the greatest heroes of the Catholic Church in America. But "for the thoughts, the words, the deeds of such a man there is no death. The sphere of their influence goes on widening forever. They bud, they blossom, they fruit from age to age."

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Where and when was Father Las Casas born? With whom did he come to America? At first what did he do? When was he ordained? Why was there general rejoicing? When was he made protector of the Indians? Whom did he interest in the Indians? What honor was conferred upon him in 1544? Where is Chiapas? When did he return to Spain? How old was he when he died? What was his dying request?

The facts of this story are taken from the "Life of Bartolomé de Las Casas," by the Rev. L. A. Dutto.

LAS CASAS

When Greed and Avarice held sway,
And exiled Justice from the land,
Las Casas' voice, in thund'ring tones,
Soon terrified that heartless band.

— BELLA B. BURKE.

THE CHILDREN AND THE ANGELS

perils terrors

When little children wake at morn
To greet once more the day newborn,
The angels take each tiny hand
And lead them forth from Slumberland.

When little children laugh and play
'Mid snares and perils of the day,
The guardian angels stand between
Each lure and pitfall dark, unseen.

When little children sink to sleep,
Above them white-winged angels keep
A loving watch from dark to light,
All through the terrors of the night.

And when in dreams they softly smile
With hearts and lips that know not guile,
Their souls forsake the haunts of men
And wander back to heaven again.

— MARY E. MANNIX.

JESUS HEALS THE TEN LEPERS

leprosy obliged disease

In the time of our Lord, any person who had leprosy was obliged to live apart from all other people.

Should a leper see any one coming towards him, he was bound to cry out: "Unclean! Unclean!" so that the other person may not catch the disease.

The poor leper's body was oftentimes one mass of sores from head to foot. No one could bear to look at him. He had no shelter, no food, no one to care for him. From a distance, he begged bread from the passers-by.

One day, as our Blessed Lord was going to Jerusalem, there met Him ten lepers who stood afar off.

They cried out to our Savior: "Jesus, Master, have mercy on us!"

When Jesus saw them, He said: "Go, show yourselves to the priests."



JESUS HEALS THE TEN LEPERS.

It happened that as they went they were cured.

One of the lepers, when he saw that he was free from leprosy, returned.

He fell at the feet of our Blessed Lord, and thanked Him from his heart.

Jesus said to him : “ Were there not ten cured ? Where are the nine ? ”

Our Blessed Lord was very much surprised that all the lepers who had been cured had not returned to thank Him.

Then Jesus said to the grateful leper : “ Arise, go thy way, thy faith hath made thee whole.”

—THE NEW TESTAMENT.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

What is the chief lesson to be derived from this story ? Why did the lepers stand afar off ? How were they treated in the time of our Lord ? How are they treated in our country ? Where are they sent ? Who takes care of them ?

The teacher should tell the children about the noble work of the late Father Damien, Father Conrardy, Joseph Dutton, or the Sisters who are taking care of the lepers in Molokai.

Have the children point out all the words in the lesson which name either a person, a place, or a thing.



SUPPOSE!

Suppose, my little lady,
Your doll should break her head,
Could you make it whole by crying
Till your eyes and nose were red?
And wouldn't it be pleasanter
To treat it as a joke;
And say you're glad "'Twas Dolly's
And not your head that broke"?

Suppose you're dressed for walking,
And the rain comes pouring down,

Will it clear off any sooner
Because you scold and frown?
And wouldn't it be nicer
For you to smile than pout,
And so make sunshine in the house
When there is none without?

Suppose your task, my little man,
Is very hard to get,
Will it make it any easier
For you to sit and fret?
And wouldn't it be wiser,
Than waiting like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest
And learn the thing at once?

Suppose that some boys have a horse
And some, a coach and pair,
Will it tire you less while walking
To say, "It isn't fair"?
And wouldn't it be nobler
To keep your temper sweet,

And in your heart be thankful
You can walk upon your feet?
Suppose the world doesn't please you,
For the way some people do,
Do you think the whole creation
Will be altered just for you?
And isn't it, my boy or girl,
The wisest, bravest plan,
Whatsoever comes, or doesn't come,
To do the best you can?

— PHOEBE CARY.

CONTENT AND RICH

My conscience is my crown;
Contented thoughts my rest;
My heart is happy in itself,
My bliss is in my breast.

I fear no care for gold;
Well-doing is my wealth;
My mind to me an empire is,
While grace affordeth health.

— REV. ROBERT SOUTHWELL, S.J.

MARGARET'S CHARM

stylish	detective	urging	trifling
example	collision	confusion	responded
	carriage		

“What is it that makes everybody love Margaret Grant so?” said Rose Johnson, just after seeing Mrs. Lincoln, with her little daughter by her side, gracefully stop her horse, take Margaret in her handsome carriage, and dash off again down the street. “She is neither pretty nor stylish. Now what is it, do you suppose?”

“I think I know the charm. Perhaps you had better try to find it out for yourself this week,” answered her mother, busily putting the sitting room in order.

The next day at school, Rose followed Margaret like a detective.

The first thing she noticed was Margaret's kindness to Alice Ross, a shy new pupil, who stood alone while the others played. Margaret

went over to her. After a little urging the girl joined the merry group, and was soon running and laughing with the rest.

When school opened, Margaret put a rose on the teacher's desk as she passed, and smiled as she said "Good morning," and received a smile in return.

About an hour later, while busily studying, Margaret heard a smothered sob. Looking about, she saw the new pupil sitting with her head bent forward, regarding her slate with a hopeless expression.

Up went Margaret's hand for permission to leave her seat, which was granted, as were all like requests, for they were rare; and the teacher knew they were never of a trifling nature.

"What is the matter, Alice?" said Margaret, sitting down beside her.

"I cannot do these examples," she replied, dashing away a tear.

Margaret took the slate, read over an example, and showed her how to do it.

With a little help at the right place, the others were done, and the girl lifted a grateful face to hers as she thanked her.



On their way home, a troop of girls were working off their animal spirits in a wild game of tag. Margaret, in whirling, suddenly came in collision with a gentleman, knocking his cane from his hand.

“Oh, I beg your pardon, sir!” said Margaret, covered with confusion, as she returned the cane to him. “I am afraid I have hurt you, sir.”

“Not at all, my dear,” he responded heartily, pleased by her polite manner. “Go on with your play and be happy. I am proud to take off my hat to so polite a young lady,” which he did with a stately bow and passed on.

“How did you dare? I should have been too much frightened to have said a thing!” exclaimed one of the girls.

“So should I!” chorused the others.

instantly acceptable ear trumpet affliction
noticeable pleasantries blindfolded submitted

There was a party at a friend's house that week. Rose kept near Margaret, learning a sweet lesson every day from her.

As they sat turning the leaves of a book, a lady paused to speak to them. Margaret instantly arose and offered her a chair, which was accepted with a pleasant smile.

The two girls started for the other room where the young people were preparing for games.

Just then Margaret saw a lonely person sitting in a corner. This was an old lady, who was somewhat deaf.

After a handshake and a sentence through the ear trumpet, people usually left her to herself.

Margaret crossed the room to her; and, taking the trumpet in her hand, being careful to say the words clearly so as not to make her affliction more noticeable, sat and chatted half an hour away, amusing the dear old lady by repeating the pleasantries and jokes that were flying from lip to lip of those around them.

“You have been a great comfort to me, my dear child,” said the old lady, patting the hand that held the trumpet. “Now go and play with the rest. I thank you, my dear, for your thoughtfulness to an old woman like me.”

Margaret went away very happy.

As soon as she appeared, several voices ex-

claimed: "Oh, here comes Margaret Grant! Let her be 'Ruth'! Come, Margaret, and be blindfolded."

Margaret laughingly submitted, and a moment later was giving "Jacob" a lively chase around the ring.

She always put her whole heart into everything she did.

"I think I have found out Margaret's charm," said Rose to her mother the next morning. "It is because she is so good to everybody."

"Yes, that is it," answered her mother.

"She is thoughtful, kind, polite, and obliging. I think she must carry the Golden Rule very near her heart."

— *Adapted.*

Have the children point out the different words in each of the following:

penmanship	priesthood	blindfolded	announcement
punishment	undertaken	improvement	dumbfounded
midnight	settlement	Jamestown	nicknamed
anteroom	trustworthy	Mayflower	Speedwell
puppyhood	dauntless	gauntlet	strawberries

THE WATER LILY

swanlike zone summit garment foamy

Whence, O fragrant form of light,
Hast thou drifted through the night,
Swanlike, to a leafy nest,
On the restless waves, at rest?

Art thou from the snowy zone
Of a mountain summit blown,
Or the blossom of a dream,
Fashioned in the foamy stream?

Nay; methinks the maiden moon,
When the daylight came too soon,
Fleeting from her bath to hide,
Left her garment in the tide.

—REV. JOHN B. TABB.



BLIND NOREEN

Ireland Noreen hillock salmon restored
Irish surface Donald sea gull

In days gone by, Donald Field, an Irish gentleman, lived near a large lake in the north of Ireland.

This good man had but one daughter. Being blind from birth, the people called her pretty blind Noreen.

This little girl was gifted with a very good voice ; and she could sing nearly all the old songs of her native land.

One afternoon, Noreen asked her father to take her down to the edge of the lake, so that she might enjoy the cool breezes.

The father took her down to the water's edge, and said to her : " Stay here, my dear, until I return."

When Mr. Field had left her, Noreen sat on a dry hillock and began to sing.

Just then, a big salmon came to the surface of the water and listened to her sweet voice.



As soon as the little girl had finished her charming song, she heard a gentle voice saying: "What a pity you are blind! I am very sorry for you! Let me tell you how you can see. Get the skin of a salmon, rub it on your eyes, and you will be blind no longer."

As the sun was sinking in the west, Mr. Field came for his little girl.

On their way home, Noreen told her father what the salmon had said to her.

"Very well, my dear child; I will go fishing

to-morrow," said Donald; "and if there is a salmon in the lake I will catch him for you."

Early next morning, before the sun had risen, Mr. Field was on his way to the lake.

After having rowed out a distance from the shore, Donald heard a sea gull screaming. At the same time, he felt a pull at his line, and the fishing rod began to bend.

"This must be a big salmon," exclaimed Mr. Field. "I must be careful."

Then he began to pull with all his strength, but alas, his feet slipped, and he fell out of the boat into the deep lake.

He went down, down, under water, until he thought he was at the end of the world.

magic sixty fatal between warrior
sorrowing

When Donald at last opened his eyes, he found himself in a beautiful room, in the presence of a big man whose skin was very much like that of a salmon.



“Donald Field, what brought you here?”

“I do not know, sir,” said Donald. “As I was fishing this morning in the lake, I thought I had caught a big salmon. When I began to pull him in, my feet slipped, and I went head-long into the water.”

“My blind daughter told me that if she should rub the skin of a salmon on her eyes, her sight would be restored.”

“You are now in the presence of the King of the Lake,” said the man. “I have been waiting for you for a long time. Now listen to me. Did you ever hear how the lake came to be where it is?”

“I did not,” said Donald, “though I have lived near the lake all my life.”

“I will tell you,” said the big man. “My father was a king, and my mother died shortly after I was born. Then my father brought a stepmother to our house. This woman had great magic power.

“When I was seven years of age, I happened to make my stepmother angry. Through her magic power, she changed the house of my father into a lake, caused him to be drowned, and turned me into a salmon.

“The stepmother comes every night to torment me. Now that you are with me, I think

I shall conquer her. But we must prepare for her coming.

“So come with me and I will leave you at the edge of the lake. Then go at once to the front of the big tree that grows at the back of your house, and dig down till you come to a large flat stone.

“Lift that stone, and you will find a black cat asleep under it. Bring the cat with you to the edge of the lake, and I will be there to meet you.

“If you do as I tell you, you will be happy and rich during the rest of your life; but if you fail to do it, you will be poor as long as water runs or grass grows.”

“I will surely do as you say,” said Donald.
“I am now ready to go with you.”

The big salmon took out his magic wand and changed Donald into a sea gull.

When the sea gull reached the edge of the lake, he was again changed into Donald Field.

It did not take Donald very long to reach

the big tree. Here he began to dig. In a short time he found the black cat under the big flat stone.

He dropped the cat into a bag and took him to the edge of the lake. The salmon was there to meet him. In the twinkling of an eye, he carried Donald and the black cat to his beautiful room under the lake.

Then he said to Donald: "You are indeed a great hero. I am sure that you can help me."

"I will do the best I can," said Donald.

"Haste! Haste!" said the salmon. "I think the witch is coming. Get my sharp sword that hangs on the wall, and show what you can do when the witch and all her cats come in."

It was not very long before the door of the room was opened, and an ugly-looking witch followed by more than sixty cats came in.

Donald drew his sword, struck the witch on the forehead, and caused her to fall to the ground.

Then the wild cats jumped on him and

clawed him so badly that there was a pool of blood on the floor.

The witch arose swiftly, and was about to give Donald a fatal blow with the rod of Death, when the big salmon struck her between the eyes with the black cat, and killed her.



Then Donald made short work of the wild cats.

“Give me your hand,” said the big salmon. “You are the best warrior in Ireland. You shall not want for anything as long as you live.

“I know a place where there is a trunkful of gold, and you can get it very easily.

“In the country of the White Land, there is a large beautiful castle. There you, your wife, and your daughter can be as happy as the day is long.”

“I am thankful to you,” said Donald, “but I would rather live in Ireland, my native land, than in any other country under the sun. If you will allow me to stay here, I shall be very grateful.”

“I think you are a foolish man, Donald, to wish to stay in Ireland, but since you desire to remain in your own country, I am willing.

“You know where the Fort of the Kings is?” said Mr. Salmon.

“Oh, yes, I know it well,” replied Donald.

“If you are at the fort to-night at twelve o’clock, I will make you a very rich man.

“Here is the skin of a salmon to rub on the eyes of your daughter. After applying it, she will see as well as you do. If there are any other blind persons living near you, be sure to cure them also.

“But, on your life, take neither gold nor silver from the poor. Moreover, when you return to your home, tell no one where you have been, nor what has happened to you.”

“I will take your advice ; and I will do just as you say,” said Donald.

Then the big salmon lifted his magic wand, changed Donald into a sea gull, and said : “Follow me.”

Donald obeyed. He found himself swimming in the lake with the big salmon beside him.

When they came near the land, Mr. Salmon raised his wand, and Donald was changed into a man.

When Mr. Field reached home, he found the house filled with sorrowing friends. His wife and his daughter were crying bitterly. They thought that he was drowned.

Imagine their surprise when he walked quietly into the room. For a time they were dumb-founded. Then they began to crowd around him and to shake his hand.

“Wait a minute,” said Donald, “until I give sight to my daughter.”

Then Mr. Field rubbed the salmon’s skin on Noreen’s eyes, and lo! and behold! her sight was restored.

Noreen shouted and clapped her hands with joy.

She did not forget to thank God for His goodness.

Leinster	presented	sprawling
Ulster	blissfully	

A little before the hour of midnight, Donald left his home and hurried to the Fort of the Kings. Shortly after getting there, he heard a great noise. On looking around he saw a great army of fairies commanded by the big salmon.

When all were inside the fort, Mr. Salmon said: “We are to play football to-night with the fairies of Leinster. I have here the bravest hero in the world. Allow me to present Mr. Donald Field.”

Then each of the fairies shook hands with him, and presented him with a purse of gold.

The big salmon came last to shake Donald's hand. He gave his hero a large bag for the gold.

"Put the money under a tree till the football match is over," said the big salmon.



Suddenly a mighty gust of wind took Donald, the salmon, and all the fairies high up in the air, and carried them a long distance away. Then they were let down on a large plain. Here they met the fairies of Leinster ready to play.

Soon the match began. The moon was shining brightly and the night was almost as lightsome as

day. You could see the little fairies running to and fro as swiftly as the wind. Sometimes they tripped each other, sometimes they were sprawling on the ground.

At last the fairies of Ulster won the football game.

Then another mighty gust of wind carried them back to the Fort of the Kings near the lake.

When they reached this spot, the big salmon said to Donald: "Get your bag of money, my brave friend, and go at once to your home. You now have gold enough to support your family for the rest of your life. Do not tell any one about what has happened, or you will lose all your money. Good-by."

Mr. Field went home and hid the greater part of his gold in the wall of the house, before Noreen and her mother awoke.

When they got up, he showed them part of the money. They were delighted. They ran to him and kissed him a hundred times.

The big salmon is still in the castle under the

lake. He may be seen any day in the month of May swimming peacefully on the surface of the water.

Donald, his wife, and his daughter, Noreen, lived happily, blissfully, and long. May such be the lot of us all!

— GAELIC FOLK LORE.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Who was Blind Noreen? Where did her father take her? What did the salmon say to her? Did her father catch a salmon? What happened to him? What did he say to the King of the Lake? What did the King of the Lake tell Donald to do? Tell about the fight with the witch and her sixty cats. After the battle, what did the big salmon say to Donald? How did Donald get home? Who played football? Who won the game?

THE COTTON PLANT

Sing, oh, sing for the cotton plant!

Bravely may it grow,
Bearing in its seeded pod
Cotton white as snow!

Spin the cotton into thread;
Weave it in the loom;
Wear it now, dear little child,
In your happy home.

— NATURE AND VERSE.

THE FAIRIES

jacket

crispy

craggy



Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!
Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home;
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide-foam;

Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain lake,
With frogs for their watchdogs,
All night awake.

High on the hill-top
The old King sits;
He is now so old and gray
He's nigh lost his wits.
By the craggy hill-side,
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn-trees
For pleasure here and there.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather.

— WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

THE SETTLEMENT OF VIRGINIA

Walter	Raleigh	tobacco
daisies	Pacific	trinkets
Chickahominy	Pocahontas	

When John Cabot failed to find gold and spices in America, the people of England were very much disappointed; and for a time they lost interest in the New World.

Almost ninety years later, in 1584, Sir Walter Raleigh sent out a number of men to found a colony in America. These men during their short stay in the new colony made friends of some of the Indians. From them they learned how to smoke.

Afterwards the colonists became discouraged and returned to England. They took back with them a supply of tobacco, and taught the English people how to smoke.

Sir Walter Raleigh was one of the first to learn. One day, a servant seeing smoke coming from the master's nose thought Sir Walter Raleigh was on

fire. Desiring to put out the flame at once, he poured the large pitcher of ale which he happened to have in his hand on Sir Walter's head.

A little later, a second band of men were sent by Sir Walter Raleigh to the Virginia colony. But in the course of time, many of these died and the others were killed by the Indians.

On December 19, 1606, a third party of Englishmen left their native country for the Virginia colony. After being almost five months on the sea, they landed in America May 13, 1607, and made a settlement at Jamestown, on the James River.

Many of the Englishmen thought that they would pick up gold in America as readily as you would pick daisies in a field. Moreover, they were not willing to work. They said that they were gentlemen, and that gentlemen in England never had to work.

This state of affairs continued for some time until Captain John Smith took charge of the colony. He told the colonists that every man

must work. Otherwise, they would get nothing to eat.

Already some of the Englishmen had died of hunger. In order to keep the others from starv-



ing, Captain Smith gave some trinkets to the Indians for a supply of corn.

One day, Captain Smith started out to find the Pacific Ocean. He had an idea that it was nearly three thousand miles away. Having sailed

up the Chickahominy River, he left two men in charge of his boat while he continued his journey on land.

Hardly had he left the boat when the Indians came, killed the two men, and began to chase him. In his efforts to get away from them, he ran into a swamp, and sank up to his waist in mud. So the Indians caught him and took him to their chief.

It was decided that Captain Smith should be put to death. He placed his head on the block so that the Indians could beat out his brains with their clubs. Just as the first blow was about to be given, Pocahontas, the chief's little daughter, ran up, put her arms around Captain Smith's head, and begged her father not to kill him.

The chief could not refuse the pleadings of his child. So the life of Captain Smith was spared.

Some time later, he had to return to England. Then the Indians began to attack the colonists, and in fact killed a number of them. Many

others died of hunger before another ship with food landed at Jamestown.

In after years, this colony grew and prospered.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Who was the first Englishman to send men to settle in Virginia? What did the Indians teach the colonists? What happened to Sir Walter Raleigh one day? Did he send a second band of men? What happened to them? When did the third party set sail? Where did they settle? Were they willing to work? What did Captain John Smith tell them? How did he save the colony from starving? What happened when he tried to find the Pacific Ocean? Who saved him? Did the colony prosper when he returned to England?

The main facts for this story are taken from "A History Reader," by L. L. W. Wilson, Ph.D.

SUMMER

Soft-named Summer,
Most welcomed comer,
Brings almost everything
Over which we dream or sing
Or sigh;
But then Summer wends its way,
To-morrow — to-day —
Good-by!

— CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

THE MOTHER'S QUEST

“And not finding Him, they returned into Jerusalem seeking Him.” St. Luke, ii. 45.

Have you seen my little Love
Going by your door?
Off He flew, my little Dove,
And my heart is sore.

You would know my little Boy,
Dressed in white and brown.
How my heart o'erflowed with joy
As I wove His gown!

You would know Him from His hair,
All of raven hue;
You would know Him anywhere,
Once He looked at you.

Oh, if you should see my Own,
Seeking out His home,
Tell Him how my joy has flown
As the streets I roam.

Lead Him in beside thy hearth,
 Bid Him there remain ;
Tell Him, though I search the earth,
 I will come again.

And if hungry He should be,
 Give Him of your bread ;
If He nods so wearily,
 Make His little bed.

Woman, if you see my Boy,
 Oh, to Him be kind !
You will have the fullest joy, —
 Lo, 'tis God you'll find !

—REV. HUGH FRANCIS BLUNT.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Who is speaking in this pretty poem? Why is she sad? How is her little Boy dressed? What does the poet say in the last stanza?

To help the children to understand this poem, the teacher should tell the Gospel story of this event.

Rev. Hugh Francis Blunt, story-writer and poet, was born in Medway, Mass., January 21, 1877. He is at present editorial writer on *The Pilot*, and pastor of the Sacred Heart Church, East Cambridge, Mass.

MOSES RESCUES THE JEWS

Pharaoh *	plagues	locusts	allow
Aaron	Israel	pillar	regretted

You all remember the story of the little boy who was found by the princess in the bulrushes ; how he was brought up by his mother, and then given back to the princess who happened to be the daughter of Pharaoh, the King of Egypt.

Pharaoh was extremely cruel to the Jewish people. He made them work very hard, and gave them little pay.

When Moses saw how the king was treating his countrymen, he asked him to allow the Jews to return to their own country.

Pharaoh, however, was not willing to do so. The Jews were too useful to him.

To punish Pharaoh for his cruel treatment of the Jews, God sent ten plagues to the people of Egypt.

The first plague changed the water into blood ; then frogs covered the whole country ; after that,

* Sometimes spelled Pharaoh.



MOSES.

Michelangelo.

the dust of the earth was turned into insects which troubled both men and beasts; next came a plague of flies which filled all the houses; and then came a disease which killed all the cattle; the sixth was a plague of boils on men and beasts; the seventh a hailstorm which destroyed the grain and the fruit; the eighth was a plague of locusts; the ninth was a dreadful darkness for three days.

The nine plagues did not soften the heart of Pharaoh. But the tenth, which ordered that the oldest child in each Egyptian family should be put to death, frightened him.

When Pharaoh saw that the first-born of every Egyptian family in the land had been put to death, he sent for Moses and his brother Aaron, and said to them: "Arise, and go forth from among my people, you and the children of Israel. Your sheep and herds take with you, and departing bless me."

The Jewish people at once left the land of Egypt and started for their home.

At the bidding of the Lord, Moses lifted up his rod, stretched forth his hand over the Red Sea, and, wonderful to relate, the water was divided so that the Jewish people could walk across.

Pharaoh and all his soldiers rushed in after them.

When the last of the Jews had come out of the dry passage of the Red Sea, the Lord commanded Moses to stretch forth his rod and his hand, and the two great banks of water returned and drowned the entire army of Pharaoh.

The Jewish people were so thankful for their miraculous deliverance that they at once sang a joyous hymn of praise and thanksgiving to the Lord.

After marching for three days through the wilderness, the Israelites found no water to drink.

When they reached a place where there was water, it was too bitter to drink. Then they murmured against Moses, saying: "What shall we drink?"

But Moses, at the bidding of God, cast a tree

into the water, and that which was bitter became sweet.

Later on, the people murmured for want of meat.

The Lord spoke to Moses, saying: "I have heard the murmuring of the children of Israel. Say to them in the evening you shall eat flesh, and in the morning you shall have your fill of bread, and you shall know that I am the Lord your God."

So it came to pass in the evening, that quails covered the camp, and in the morning a dew lay around the camp.

And when the children of Israel saw it, they said to one another: "What is this?"

Moses said to them: "This is the bread which the Lord hath given you to eat."

After traveling forty days more, the Jewish people came to a place where there was nothing to drink.

They became very angry with Moses for having brought them into such a wilderness.



MOSES RECEIVING THE TWO TABLES OF THE LAW. *Raphael.*

Moses again prayed to the Lord.

The Lord told him to strike the rock Horeb with his rod. Moses, taking with him the ancients, did as the Lord commanded him, and behold a stream of water flowed out of the rock.

Three months after having left the land of Egypt, the children of Israel came to the wilderness of Sinai.

Here it was that Moses went up the mountain and received the following commandments from God :

1. I am the Lord thy God, Who brought thee out of the land of bondage. Thou shalt not have strange gods before Me.

2. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.

3. Remember thou keep holy the Sabbath day.

4. Honor thy father and thy mother.

5. Thou shalt not kill.

6. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

7. Thou shalt not steal.

8. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

9. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife.

10. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Who was Pharaoh? Was he kind to the Jews? How was he punished for his unkindness? Can you name the ten plagues? Which plague caused Pharaoh to let the Jews go to their own country? Did he regret it? What did Pharaoh do? How did the Jews cross the Red Sea? What happened to the Egyptians who followed them? How did Moses get drinking water for the people? How did he get bread and meat for them? Can you say the ten commandments?

ONE GRAND, SWEET SONG

My fairest child, I have no song to give you,
No lark could sing 'neath skies so dull and gray,
But, if you will, a quiet hint I'll give you
For every day, for every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song.

— CHARLES KINGSLEY.

SPEAK, LITTLE VOICE

Speak, little voice within me, speak!
Set is my heart to hear;
Low is the light and the night is bleak,
Tell me that God is near.

Speak, little voice, and strongly say
I am His little child;
Counsel and lead me along the way, —
Life is a pathway wild.

God is my Father, — O little voice,
This do you whisper me;
Father all-watchful, so I rejoice,
Bleak though the night may be.

— REV. MICHAEL EARLS, S. J.

Speak gently! 'tis a little thing
Dropp'd in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy, that it may bring
Eternity shall tell.

— G. W. LANGFORD.

THE HAIL

There is an army marching
Across the straining roof;
And roused from sleep I hear the sweep
Of saber, drum, and hoof.

And every chattering window
Is trembling as in fear
While on the blast the horde goes past
And leaves the storm-path clear.

—THOMAS WALSH.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

What army is marching? How does it rouse the poet from sleep? Does the window chatter? What is the meaning of the words “blast,” “storm-path”?

Thomas Walsh, a critic and poet, was born in Brooklyn, N.Y., in the year 1875.

SEPTEMBER

The goldenrod is yellow,
The corn is turning brown;
The trees in apple orchards
With fruit are bending down.

—HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

THE GIRL WHO WANTED TO BE A BOY

Raymond Bonheur tawny crayon Lalie
wobbly village decided Paris

Mr. and Mrs. Bonheur longed for a son, and had even planned to name him Raymond after his father. Instead a little daughter had come to them who could not be named Raymond, and who could not grow up to be a painter like her father.

In those days in France, almost a hundred years ago, girls were taught to sew and to cook, not to draw pictures. That was for a boy to learn.

It was a great pity, to be sure! The little girl who should have been a boy was named Rosa, because that began with an R like Raymond.

When she was such a tiny girl that her hand did not reach the doorknob, Rosa began to show that she was not like other children of her age.

She would leave her dolls in a corner of the



ROSA BONHEUR.

Bonheur.

room, and would make queer round marks and square marks on the white paint of the door panels with her father's black crayon pencils.

"Papa, papa," she would cry proudly, "Lalie make pictures."

But Rosa's father laughed at the wobbly tigers and lions and told her not to bother him when he was painting.

The poor man had to work very hard, for pictures did not sell as well as potatoes in the village where the Bonheurs lived. Besides Rosa, there were soon two boys who must have bread and butter and new shoes.

By and by, they grew so poor that they decided to move to Paris, where the father hoped to find more work.

Rosa was three years old when they went to the big, noisy city of Paris.

She was not pretty, for she was very short and thin, with a queer pug nose and a square brown face. But she had a long tight braid of lovely yellow hair that hung almost to the hem of her

skirt, and was tied at the end with a shoe string. She wore wooden shoes and a checked brown dress without any trimming on it.

In Paris, they all lived in a small house over a shop; and when presently a baby sister came to live with them, they were very much crowded indeed. Rosa had to help take care of the baby and do the housework, because her mother was too sick to sweep and dust and wash dishes.

When she was not working, she went with her two brothers to a school, where all the pupils except herself were boys.

There she learned a little reading and writing, but she liked best to draw pictures in the blank pages of her books, and when the writing lesson came, she used to fill the copy book with horses and cows and sheep instead of words.

Here, in school, Rosa used to wish that she could be a boy like the rest of the children. Sometimes she would almost forget she wore skirts and a braid, and would climb a tree and play ball like any boy. Once she even fought with an unkind

boy who was teasing a dog. She loved animals and all animals loved her.

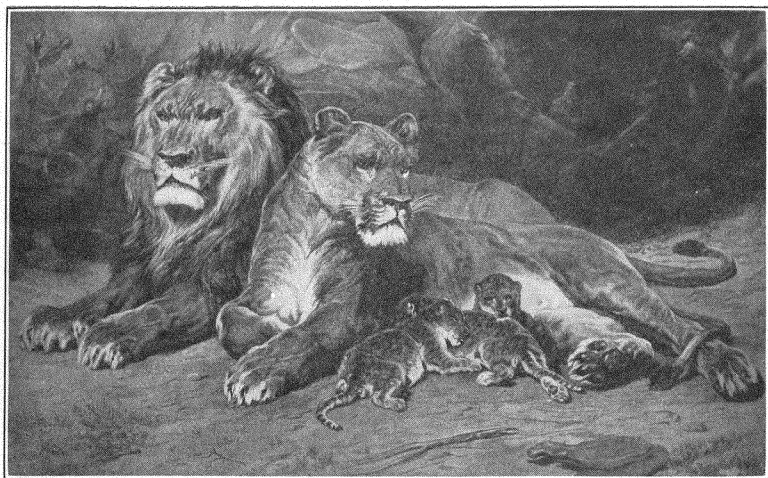
Across the street from her house was a meat market. Instead of a sign over the door, there was a great wooden figure of a pig in front. Rosa felt sorry for the poor pig that had to stand outdoors in the rain and the hot sunshine. Sometimes she used to run across the street to pat his carved head and to whisper in one wooden ear that she loved him, even if no one else did.

When she went to walk in the park with her father, the timid sparrows and robins would come fluttering and flying down from the trees, and light on her shoulder or her hair.

Animals always know the people who are fond of them. Even the wildest animals are not afraid, and the fiercest do not hurt such people.

The big cross watch dogs would come creeping and crawling to Rosa, and lick her gentle hand with their great red tongues, and the deer in the park never ran away from her.

When she grew up, and owned two big tawny



lions, she let them run free in her garden, and roll together and play on the walk like two pussy cats.

petticoats furniture studio canvas
shears trousers blouse

Before Rosa was twelve years old her mother died. The four children and their father were left very lonely in the tiny room above the shop.

Two kind old cousins took the three younger children to live with them. No one wanted Rosa, for she was a queer child, very much like a boy in petticoats, who used to fall over the furniture and

knock over the dishes, and break and upset everything around her.

Her father sent her to live with a dressmaker who tried to teach Rosa to sit still in a chair, and to sew long stupid seams. But little boys do not want to sew seams, and Rosa was too much like a little boy to sit still in a chair with a piece of cloth on the table before her, and a big bright world behind her.

So, on one of the sunniest days, she ran away from the dressmaker's house, through the crowds of people in the city, straight to her father's studio, begged him to teach her how to put brown and gray and blue paint on the canvas, so that it would look like a cow.

"But girls never paint pictures," said her father.

"Then let us cut off my braid, and I will wear boys' clothes and be a boy," said Rosa.

The next day she took a pair of shears, and clip, clip, off came her long, tight braid of lovely yellow hair.

After this, she put on her brother's loose blue trousers that hung down to her ankles, and a blouse ; and nobody in the world would have guessed that she was not a sturdy twelve-year-old boy.

Rosa wanted to learn to paint so much, that she used to work alone while other boys and girls of all sizes were playing.

At last her father saw that she really intended to learn, so he began to help her. Soon she was able to copy pictures in the great art galleries and to sell them to wealthy people.

attendants	fried	finally	canaries
	finches	wiggled	

In the art gallery the attendants nicknamed Rosa "the little soldier" because she wore short hair and long trousers.

She worked so hard at her painting, that she often used to forget her lunch of bread and fried potatoes.

Finally she and her father saved enough money

to send for the three little children. Then they all lived together again, in the snug little home over the shop.

Although she worked very hard when she worked, Rosa liked to play, too.

She was so fond of animals that she kept the house full of queer pets: a goat in the woodshed, squirrels and rats in the kitchen, and canaries and finches in the bedrooms.

She used to draw pictures of them. Some of these did not look at all like the live animals, so she threw them away and began over again.

Whenever the pictures were wrong, she did not get discouraged. She worked all the harder until she at last got them right.

It was because she kept on trying so eagerly that she grew up to be one of the greatest painters in the world.

She had money and fame, but these did not make her so happy as the fact that the tiny red-eyed rabbits in her pictures looked so real that their noses almost wiggled, and the great

yellow lions she painted were so fierce and life-like that they seemed ready to roar and snarl in their frames.

—DOROTHY DONNELL CALHOUN.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Where did Rosa Bonheur live? Why was she called Rosa? How did her father earn a living? What did Rosa look like? What did she always like to do? What did Rosa like to do in school? Did she like animals? When her mother died, what happened to Rosa? Did she stay very long with the dress-maker? Name some of her pets. When her paintings were not just right, did she get discouraged? What did she like to paint? Tell about some of her paintings.

This selection is taken from "When Great Folks Were Little Folks," by Dorothy Donnell Calhoun.

LOYALTY

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give to the world the best you have
And the best will come back to you.

For life is the mirror of king and slave,
'Tis just what you are and do;
Then give to the world the best you have
And the best will come back to you.

—MADELINE S. BRIDGES.

THE TEMPEST

shattered threatened staggered

We were crowded in the cabin ;
Not a soul would dare to sleep :
It was midnight on the waters,
And a storm was on the deep.

'Tis a fearful thing in winter
To be shattered by the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder, " Cut away the mast ! "

So we shuddered there in silence,
For the stoutest held his breath,
While the hungry sea was roaring,
And the breakers threatened death.

And as thus we sat in darkness,
Each one busy in his prayers,
" We are lost ! " the captain shouted,
As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,
As she took his icy hand,



“Isn’t God upon the ocean,
Just the same as on the land?”

Then we kissed the little maiden,
And we spoke in better cheer;
And we anchored safe in harbor
When the morn was shining clear.

—JAMES T. FIELDS.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Why were the sailors afraid to go to sleep? What season of the year was it? What is meant by an angry sea? What did the captain shout? What did his little daughter say? What effect did her words have?

Have the children point out and explain the quotation marks in this poem.

James Thomas Fields (1816–1881), editor, author, and poet, was born in New Hampshire.

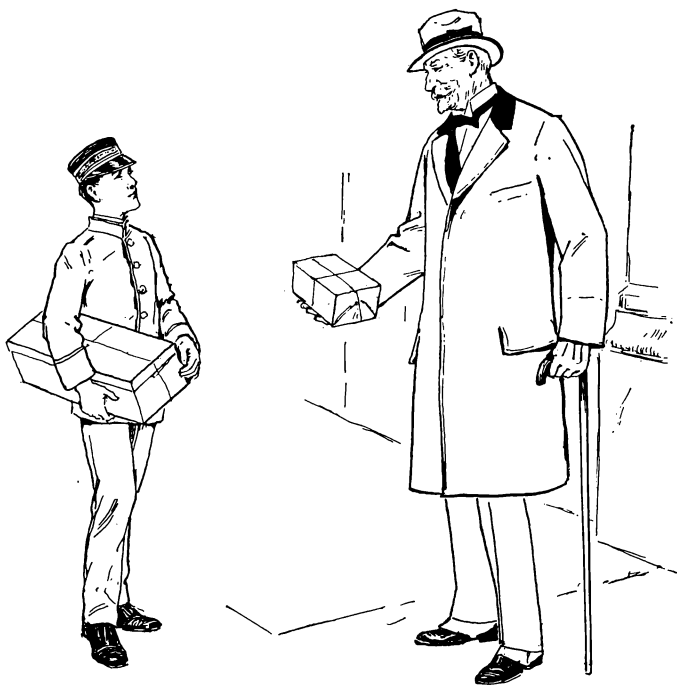
WORD BUILDING

upheld	transport	subdue	pronoun
uphill	translate	subject	promote
uphold	transit	sublime	pronounce
upland	transform	submerge	protect
uplift	transfix	submit	provide
upright	transfigure	subside	profound
upset	transact	subsist	procure
upshot	transfer	sublet	proclaim
upside	transfuse	subway	proceed

THE VIOLET SPEAKS

Think not yon star,
New-found afar,
Love's latest sign ;
Nor fondly dream
No fresher beam
Doth on thee shine :
A newer light,
From longer night
Of years, is mine.

— REV. JOHN B. TABB.



TRIED, AND FOUND FAITHFUL

fashionable district beckoning extra
examining manager conversation
draperies legislature

Frank Summers had just jumped off the electric car, and was walking down one of the most fashionable streets in the city, when he heard

some one call out: "Hi, there, boy! Messenger boy!"

Looking across the street, he saw an old gentleman beckoning to him with one hand, while in the other he held a square parcel wrapped in white paper, and tied with a blue ribbon.

Frank was going to a house on that side of the street, as he had just found out by examining the numbers. So he crossed over to where the gentleman stood.

"Here, boy, I want you to take this down to 47 Lake Street," said he, as he handed the package to Frank, "and then come back here and tell me who opens the door."

"I will in a minute, sir; but I have to take this parcel and note down to 376. I will deliver them, and then come back and do your errand," answered Frank.

"376 Lake Street? Why, that is four or five blocks off, and I am in a hurry. Here, let me hold your package —"

"Thank you, sir; but I must deliver it at once."

“Pshaw! It is nothing but flowers: I can smell them. I want this box to go to my little grandniece while she is at her dinner. It is her birthday, and I have sent her some nice cake. Just run along with this, and I will give you a dollar-pay in advance.”

“I am very sorry, sir; but I must first do the errand I have been sent to do.”

“Oh, go along!” exclaimed the old gentleman with some feeling. “I see another messenger boy coming; perhaps he will be more obliging.”

Frank ran off at full speed to make up for the delay caused by this conversation. He felt that he had done the right thing; yet he, being a poor boy, was very sorry to have missed a chance to earn an extra dollar.

He left the flowers, and was bidden to wait and carry an answer to some law offices in the same building in which the District Messenger offices were. This, of course, was his business. So he waited patiently in a small anteroom,

admiring the beautiful pictures on the walls, the rich draperies, and the soft fur rugs on the floor.

When he boarded a car to go back into the city, another messenger boy was standing on the platform,—Tom Barry, a former schoolmate.

“Oh, I say, Frank, what a fool you are! Won’t you catch it, though, when you get back to the office!” cried Tom, with more seeming pleasure than sympathy.

“For what?”

“Why, for not going down to Lake Street with the little girl’s birthday cake. You lost a dollar and gained a scolding!”

“Oh, you are the fellow, eh? He said there was another messenger boy coming, but I did not wait to see who it was.”

“No; you did not. You ran as if a mad dog were after you. You are only in the office on trial, are you not?”

“That is all. But why do you ask? Do you believe that the old gentleman will enter a complaint against me?”

“Great Scott! Do you mean to say you did not know him?” Tom asked in much surprise.

“No. Who is he? One of the legislature?”

“Worse than that, my boy! He is Mr. Samuel Adams, president of our company.”

Frank began to think what he could try next if he lost his present position.

apology consequence strapping nephew

All went well that day; but early the next morning, he was summoned to go into the inner office where the manager always sat. With him, as Frank expected, was Mr. Adams, also the young lawyer, to whom he had carried the note from 376 the day before.

“Do you know me?” asked the old gentleman.

“Yes, sir, I do now; you are Mr. Adams.”

“You did not know me yesterday?”

“No, sir.”

“I thought not. Well, my boy, I owe you an apology for having tried to make you fail in

your duty," said Mr. Adams to the surprised lad. "I did not stop to think that you might not know me, and so could not trust me to hold your flowers."

"I beg your pardon, sir."

"Not at all, at all! You did right. A messenger should never intrust to any person that which is committed to his keeping; more than one poor boy has been robbed in that way.

"Moreover, though I am the president of this company, I ought not to have tried to delay you on your way to do your errand, even though I thought it was only to give somebody a few flowers.

"It turns out that time was of great consequence, as the lady who received and replied to the note was just about to leave town. Indeed, the carriage was at the door, was it not?"

"Yes, sir; and a man was strapping a trunk on it," replied Frank.

"Good! You can use your eyes, it seems.

"Well, the matter was very important. My

nephew says he would have given ten dollars rather than have it delayed too long. So, Arthur, give this boy ten dollars, if you please!"

"That I will do, gladly," said the young man, handing him two five-dollar bills, and smiling pleasantly.

"And, as both our manager here and myself are glad to find we have a boy whom we can trust, we have put you on the rolls as a regular messenger, and will raise your pay a dollar a week now, and more by and by, if you continue trustworthy."

Frank tried to express his gratitude, but there was such a queer lump in his throat, that he could not say much.

Mr. Adams asked kindly: "Who taught you to do errands?"

"My mother, sir."

"I thought so; you have a good Christian mother, I presume."

"Indeed, I have, sir. She has always tried to make me understand that if I am only true

and honest, I will be far happier, even if I am poor, than I would be, were I rich by dishonest means."

"She is right. And, remember, too, that a good name is more to be desired than great riches."

— *Adapted.*

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Who was Frank Summers? Who called him? What did Mr. Adams want him to do? Did Frank do right in delivering his message first? What did Tom Barry say to Frank? Did Frank get a scolding from Mr. Adams? What did he get? What advice did Frank's mother give him? What did Mr. Adams say to him?

Have the children dramatize this story.

ALL OF IT

One day of life,
One soul to save,
One weary strife,
One wayside grave.

One solemn knell,
One trampled sod,
One way to hell,
One way to God.

— REV. HUGH FRANCIS BLUNT.

DAFFODILS

attained

pearls



Fair daffodils, we weep to see
 You haste away so soon ;
As yet the early-rising sun
 Has not attained his noon.
 Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
 Has run
 But to the even-song ;
And, having prayed together, we
 Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,
We have as short a spring ;
As quick a growth to meet decay
As you, or anything.
We die,
As your hours do, and dry
Away
Like to the summer's rain ;
Or as the pearls of morning dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

—ROBERT WELCH HERRICK.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Did you ever see a daffodil? What color is it? Where does it grow? When does it grow?

Robert Welch Herrick (1868-), a novelist and poet, was born in Massachusetts.

THE BEAUTY OF THE WORLD

I saw the beauty of the world
Before me like a flag unfurled,
The splendor of the morning sky,
And all the stars in company ;
I thought, how beautiful it is !—
My soul said, “ There is more than this.”

—WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS

aisles conqueror

The breaking waves dashed high

On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed ;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came ;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame ;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear ; —
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea ;

And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared, —
This was their welcome home!

— FELICIA D. HEMANS.

Mrs. Felicia Dorothea Hemans (1793–1835), an English poet, was born at Liverpool.

THE WANTS OF MAN

“Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.”
'Tis not with *me* exactly so;
But 'tis so in my song.
My wants are many and, if told,
Would muster many a score;
And were each wish a mint of gold,
I still should long for more.

— JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

azure clusters mortals reverent
 revealed Calvary Syrian

The moon that now is shining
 In skies so blue and bright,
Shone ages since on shepherds
 Who watched their flocks by night.
There was no sound upon the earth,
 The azure air was still,
The sheep in quiet clusters lay
 Upon the grassy hill.

When lo ! a white-winged Angel
 The watchers stood before,
And told how Christ was born on earth,
 For mortals to adore ;
He bade the trembling shepherds
 Listen, nor be afraid,
And told how in a manger
 The glorious Child was laid.

When suddenly in the heavens
 Appeared an Angel band,
(The while in reverent wonder
 The Syrian shepherds stand.)
And all the bright host chanted
 Words that shall never cease, —
Glory to God in the highest,
 On earth good-will and peace !

The vision in the heavens
 Faded, and all was still,
And the wondering shepherds left their flocks,
 To feed upon the hill ;
Toward the blessed city
 Quickly their course they held,
And in a lowly stable
 Virgin and Child beheld.

Beside a humble manger
 Was the Maiden Mother mild,
And in her arms her Son divine,
 A new-born Infant, smiled.

No shade of future sorrow
From Calvary then was cast ;
Only the glory was revealed,
The suffering was not passed.

The Eastern kings before Him knelt,
And rarest offerings brought ;
The shepherds worshiped and adored
The wonders God had wrought ;
They saw the crown for Israel's King,
The future's glorious part : —
But all these things the Mother kept
And pondered in her heart.

Now we that Maiden Mother
The Queen of Heaven call ;
And the Child we call our Jesus,
Saviour and Judge of all.
But the star that shone in Bethlehem
Shines still, and shall not cease,
And we listen still to the tidings,
Of Glory and of Peace.

— ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN

solicitous raiment heathen justice

One day, while our Lord was teaching a number of people, He told them the following story :

The land of a certain rich man brought forth plenty of fruits.

The rich man said to himself: "What shall I do, because I have no room to store my fruits?"

After thinking for some time, he said: "This will I do. I will pull down my barns and build greater ones. Into them I will gather all the things that are grown to me, and my goods. And I will say to my soul: 'Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years, take thy rest; eat, drink, and make good cheer.'"

God said to the rich man: "Thou fool, this night thou shalt die."

Turning then to His disciples, Jesus said: "Be not solicitous for your life, what you shall eat; nor for your body, what you shall put on.

“The life is more than the meat, and the body is more than the raiment.

“Behold the birds of the air, for they neither sow, nor do they reap, nor gather into barns ; and



your Heavenly Father feedeth them. Are you not of much more value than they ?

“And for raiment, why are you solicitous ? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow ; they labor not, neither do they spin.

“ But I say to you, that not even Solomon in all his glory was arrayed as one of these.

“ And if the grass of the field, which is to-day, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, God doth so clothe : How much more you, O ye of little faith ?

“ Be not solicitous, therefore, saying, what shall we eat, or what shall we drink, or wherewith shall we be clothed ?

“ For after all these things do the heathen seek. For your Father knoweth that you have need of all these things.

“ Seek ye, therefore, first the kingdom of God and His Justice, and all these things shall be added unto you.”

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Tell the story of the rich man. What did God say to him ? What did Jesus say to His disciples ? What did He say about the birds of the air and the lilies of the field ? What is another word for raiment, solicitous, heathen, arrayed ? What is the most important thing in this world ?

Have the children memorize the beautiful words of our Lord to His disciples.

CONSIDER

Consider

The lilies of the field whose bloom is brief,
We are as they ;
Like them we fade away
As doth a leaf.

Consider

The sparrows of the air of small account ;
Our God doth view
Whether they fall or mount —
He guards us, too.

Consider

The lilies that do neither spin nor toil,
Yet are most fair : —
What profits all this care
And all this toil ?

Consider

That the birds have no barn nor harvest weeks ;
God gives them food ;
Much more our Father seeks
To do us good.

— CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

A DAY AT THE CIRCUS



Norse Viking intelligent admiration
arena attacked

Now and then, we hear of a great hero who has laid down his life for a friend, and we exclaim :
“What a brave man! What love! What self-sacrifice !”

But does it not touch the heart as deeply to find

the same bravery and the same love in a poor dumb animal?

Let us see.

There lived, some years ago, a wonderful lion tamer, whose name was Frank Kent.

This man had two great Danes, which he had raised from puppyhood. He never went anywhere without these two friends.

Norse and Viking were their names. They were so intelligent, so strong, and so noble, that they attracted as much attention and admiration as any of the wild animals of the circus, with which Mr. Kent traveled.

These two dogs always took part in the performances. They were well trained and gave great amusement to the children.

Toward the end of the performance, all the wild animals, which Mr. Kent had trained, were let loose in the caged arena. Then the most wonderful feats of the evening would take place, — feats which made the people not only cheer, but fear and tremble.

Mr. Kent always kept one of his great Danes in the arena with him. He felt sure that his faithful dog would help him in case of danger. You will see that his trust was well placed.

When surrounded by the half-tamed animals, who were sometimes angry enough to tear him to pieces, Mr. Kent was always cheered and encouraged by the presence of his dog.

Before each performance commenced, the lion tamer would pat the great Dane on the head, and speak a few kind words to him. From that moment the good dog's eyes were always on his master, ever ready to spring to his assistance in case of danger.

So far, Mr. Kent had never been attacked by any of his animals. He seemed to have complete mastery over them.

The lion tamer owed much, it is true, to his great presence of mind and dauntless courage. Though he was very brave, he was never rash. He did not look for trouble. He always tried not to anger the animals.

In spite of the firmness with which he ruled, he had a kind and tender heart. The animals seemed to know it, and obeyed him most readily.

Mrs. Kent, the lion tamer's wife, pretended not to be afraid of the great risks he ran. To prove this, she went every day and every night to the circus.

But while Mr. Kent was in the arena, she never ceased praying for him; for she felt that he was in great danger.

Mr. Kent was a very strong man with a calm and restful manner. During the performance, he never allowed anything to confuse his mind. He was always on the lookout for danger.

The circus had traveled in many countries; and the fame of the lion tamer had spread over the world.

reception treacherous panther hyena
harnessing chariot entreated

At last the circus came to America. Here the performance at once took the fancy of the people. They flocked to it in thousands.

The wonderful reception, which the lion tamer received in this country, served to make him more daring. He seemed to live only in the excitement of the arena with his savage friends around him.

In vain Mrs. Kent pleaded with him to be more careful. He soon forgot her advice in the midst of his work.

Mr. Kent liked the lions best. He said that they were not so treacherous as some other animals of the cat tribe.

Sometimes the tiger would appear very savage; the panther would bound from his cage into the arena as if he were ready to kill any person in sight; the low surly growl of the hyena was enough to frighten the bravest heart.

Yet all would obey the command of their master, as he stood in the center of the arena, with one of his great Danes a short distance from him.

One hot evening in July, every seat was taken, and hundreds of people stood in the aisles.

At first the animals seemed rather tired, but after a while they entered into the spirit of the performance, and went through it admirably.

All the wild animals, with the exception of one of the lions, Roger, obeyed at once the lion tamer's voice.

Roger, however, was not in good humor. He looked as if things were not going right with him. In a word, he was sulky.

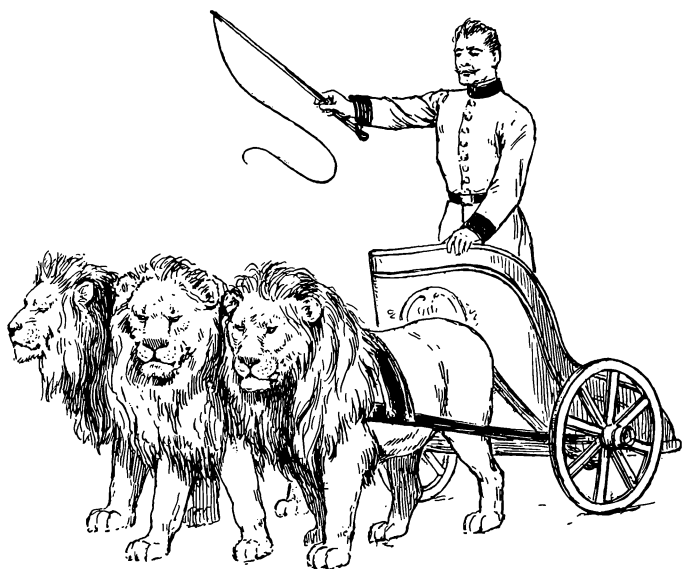
At last, the crowning act came. This had been planned by the lion tamer himself.

After harnessing three big lions to a red chariot, Mr. Kent drove them quickly around the arena three or four times.

This wonderful sight caused every one present to cheer loudly.

While the people cheered, Roger became balky. Without any warning he broke loose from the chariot, and stood lashing his tail, and showing every sign of being in a dangerous mood.

Without a second's delay, Mr. Kent leaped from



the chariot, looked sternly at Roger and ordered him back to his place.

Roger was about to obey his master's command, when suddenly he sprang at Mr. Kent with a savage roar.

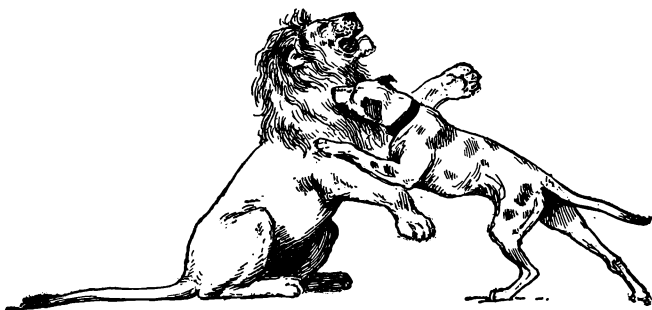
Quick as lightning the lion tamer leaped aside ; just in time — the lion merely ripped his coat. But Roger's blood was up. With another loud roar, he prepared to make a second spring.

The people were dumbfounded. They ex-

pected to see the lion tamer torn to pieces. Escape, they thought, was impossible.

The faithful dog, Viking, had seen all; and was now ready to come to the aid of his master.

As the big lion was about to spring at Mr. Kent the second time, Viking leaped forward and caught Roger by the throat.



The brave dog hung on, while the raging lion tried in every way to throw him off.

Mr. Kent's wife entreated him to leave the arena. The people begged him to make his escape. But their pleadings were in vain.

Mr. Kent would not think of leaving his faithful dog to the mercy of the lion.

So he took a large club, and, just as the dog

was about to give up the fight, he hit the lion on the nose with all his might. This blow was followed by many others, until the savage beast lay at his feet thoroughly conquered.

Then Mr. Kent ordered all the lions to their dens, while he and his faithful dog remained unhurt.

When the lion tamer and his dog advanced to the center of the arena, where he stood for a few minutes, patting Viking on the head, and bowing to the people, cheer after cheer rent the air. The great crowd were mad with delight, and gave him the greatest reception of his life.

— *Adapted*, LITTLE FOLKS.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

What were the names of Mr. Kent's dogs? What did Mr. Kent do for a living? What would he do before each performance? What did Mr. Kent think of his work? Which wild animals did Mr. Kent like the best? What did Roger do? How did Viking save his master? Did Mr. Kent leave his faithful dog to the mercy of the lion?

More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of.

— TENNYSON.

HYMN FOR FOURTH OF JULY

Before the Lord we bow —
The God Who reigns above
And rules the world below,
Boundless in power and love.
Our thanks we bring :
In joy and praise,
Our hearts we raise
To heaven's high King.

The nation Thou hast blest
May well Thy love declare
Enjoying peace and rest,
Protected by Thy care.
For this fair land
For this bright day
Our thanks we pay —
Gifts of Thy hand.

— FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

Francis Scott Key (1779–1843), the author of the “Star-Spangled Banner,” was born in Maryland. He practiced law for many years in Washington.

ST. JOSEPH AND THE ORPHANS

neighbors	factory	pinafores	problems
caressed	grocer	anxious	sanctuary
mysterious			

Each day the little brother and sister went hand in hand to the Sacred Heart Church, where the statue of St. Joseph was surrounded by bright-colored flowers.

They had learned that tiny prayer, "St. Joseph, Foster-Father of Jesus, pray for us!" though they could not say the words very distinctly. Still, every day, they knelt before the shrine and said the little prayer, and went home again with toddling, uncertain feet.

They lived a short distance from the church, in a small wooden house. They were orphans, and their grandmother, with whom they lived, seldom went out. She sat nearly all day in a great rocking-chair, knitting.

The neighbors said her mind had grown as feeble as her body during the long years that

had passed since her silvery locks were black. In any case, she rarely spoke to the children.

An aunt, a middle-aged woman, who worked all day at the factory, and who came home tired and sometimes cross, cared for the children's clothing, put them to bed at night, and woke them very early in the morning.

Having tidied up the house and given them a very early breakfast, she hurried off, with a caution to them to keep away from the fire and to be good to grandma.

They were good to grandma in their own babyish way.

Two quaint little figures, in strong but ugly pinafores and long dresses, they hovered about her chair, picked up her knitting needles if she dropped them, and asked her many questions. To most of these she responded only by a smile and a shake of the head. Her tired-out brain refused to work out even their baby problems.

They played mostly with bits of paper and string, a bit of colored glass Francis had found

in the street, and a bundle of rags tied up for a doll, which little Mary fondled and caressed and put to bed in a wooden box given to her by the grocer's boy.

The church down the street was the children's great marvel and delight. Their aunt brought them there on Sunday, when she was not too hurried to dress them, and she had taught them some simple prayers.

She was a good woman and anxious to do what was right, but she was painfully hurried and worn with constant labor.

She knew nothing, however, of all the thoughts the two little ones had. They talked about the church constantly with wonder and awe after their simple, baby fashion.

The stained glass windows, the altar where God was, the great gilt candlesticks, and the angels guarding the sanctuary, were endless sources of admiration to them.

Once, the Sister who was arranging the altar spoke to them, and told them it was St. Joseph's

month, and gave them each a tiny picture with the prayer on it: "Good St. Joseph, Foster-Father of Jesus, pray for us!"

After that, the Sister figured in their talks as a beautiful, though somewhat mysterious, lady, and they paused every day before St. Joseph's altar, always saying the little prayer.

The kind face of the great saint became as something dear and familiar to them, and they wondered if he looked like that up in heaven.

crevices

idea

notion

scarcely

chuckle

effected

imaginary

One afternoon, they had just returned home from their visit to the church. It was still clear light, for their aunt had told them never to stay out when it was dark, and they would not have dreamed of disobeying her.

They were playing as usual. Little Mary sat on a tiny, wooden stool, cutting up paper, and Francis was busy driving an imaginary horse.

They did not perceive the smoke which began to pour in from the hallway through the crevices of the door. The grandmother, indeed, was the first to notice it.

“Smoke,” she said, and she laughed softly to herself as if the notion pleased her.

She pointed it out to the children, repeating, “Smoke, smoke,” with the same childish chuckle.

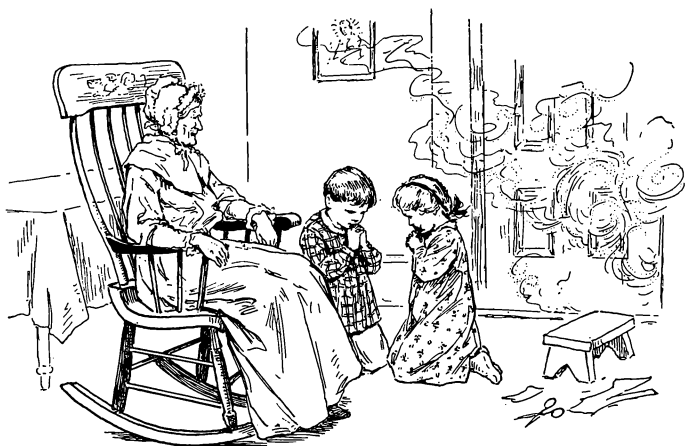
The little ones had at first no idea of the danger, until, instead of smoke, flames began to make their way under and around the closed door with a strange noise.

Then little Mary began to cry, and Francis said to her that they must say their prayer to St. Joseph, and kneeling down together and clasping their tiny hands, they prayed to St. Joseph, Foster-Father of Jesus, saying, “Don’t let the fire catch granny or us.”

At that moment, a gentleman passing stopped before the house, and cried out to other passers-by that there was a strange light shining

from the window, and that it looked as if the house were on fire.

The neighbors quickly took the alarm, knowing well how helpless were the three inmates of the dwelling.



In an instant, the door was burst open, and the flames, pent up in the narrow hallway, poured out with a blinding mass of smoke.

Brave men rushed into the room into which the fire had scarcely effected an entrance.

They found the old grandmother seated in her chair, childishly delighted, and the two little

ones kneeling in the middle of the room with clasped hands.

The neighbors and the firemen thought it little short of a miracle that the old woman and the children were brought safely out.

The women wiped their eyes when they heard the children tell that they were not afraid, because they had told good St. Joseph not to let the fire catch granny or them.

—ANNA T. SADLIER.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

What is an orphan? What were the orphans' names? What did the grandmother do all day? Who really took care of them? What did the children do for grandma? How did they amuse themselves? Did they like to go to the church? What did the Sister give them? What happened one afternoon? Was grandma frightened? What did Mary and Francis do? Who came to their rescue? What did the neighbors think about the fire? When is the month of St. Joseph? Have the children tell what they know about this great saint.

Anna Teresa Sadlier (1854-), a story writer and novelist, was born in Montreal, Canada.

Order is heaven's first law.

—ALEXANDER POPE.

OUR HEAVENLY FATHER

My God! how wonderful Thou art!

Thy majesty, how bright!

How beautiful Thy mercy seat

In depths of burning light!

Yet I may love Thee, too, O Lord,

Almighty as Thou art,

For Thou hast stooped to ask of me

The love of my poor heart.

No earthly father loves like Thee,

No mother half so mild

Bears and forbears, as Thou hast done

With me, Thy sinful child.

Only to sit and think of God,

Oh, what a joy it is!

To think the thought, to breathe the Name,

Earth has no higher bliss!

— REV. FREDERICK W. FABER.

How does the poet describe God in the first stanza? What has God asked of him? Does God love us better than our father and our mother do? Is it a source of joy to sit and think of God? Explain “mercy seat,” “forbear,” “bliss.”

THE CARRIER PIGEONS

picnic assented produced crooked
yonder husband

Echo Lake borders the farm on which the Goldens lived. The lake was noted for its fish, and the people, who owned farms near by, kept row-boats which they used, not only for fishing purposes, but also for pleasure.

Mr. Golden's family consisted of himself, his wife, and his two children, Robert and Agnes.

One bright morning, a voice was heard, shouting from the top of the woodshed, “ Agnes ! Agnes ! ”

Robert had caught the two carrier pigeons, which Aunt Mary had given Agnes last year.

“Oh! I have not told you yet, have I? Mother said we might go down to the playhouse by the lake and have a picnic, for to-day is your birthday, you know.”

“ Oh, won’t that be fun! So we are going to take the pigeons with us?”

“Yes; do you not want them?”

“Certainly I do. Do I not, my dear birds?” said Agnes as she petted them, and they cooed and answered back, which Agnes said meant “yes.”

After their mother had cautioned them not to go into the boat, the children got the basket containing many good things to eat, and started for the lake.

“Robert,” said Agnes, “let me carry the pets, and you carry the lunch.”

“All right; I will do it, for this is your birthday,” said Robert in a kind tone.

They soon reached the playhouse, where they put down their lunch and the pigeons.

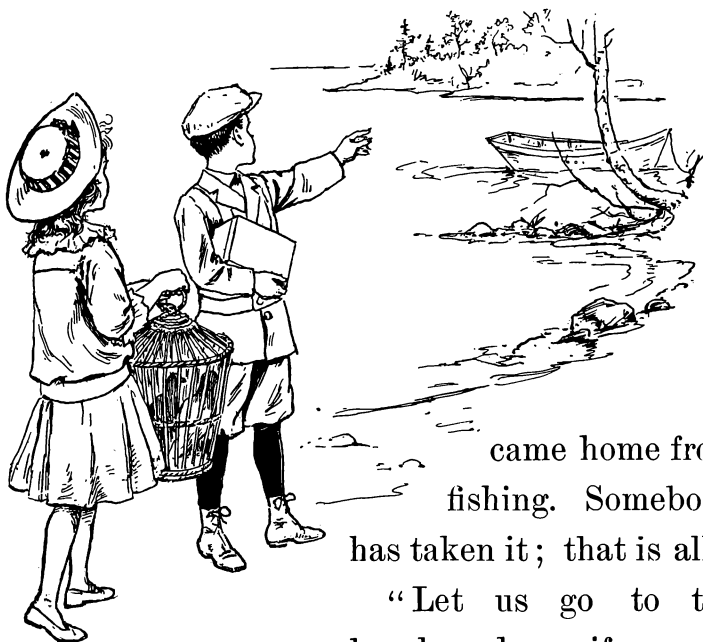
“Now we need a couple of boards to fix a table. We will go down to the beach and see what we can find.”

“Let us take the birds,” said Agnes, “and stroll along the beach and gather shells.”

Robert at once assented, so they took the cage and were soon at the place where their father always tied his boat, but no boat was there.

“Where is papa’s boat?” said Agnes.

“It must have broken loose, or some one has taken it,” said Robert. “It was here the other night, for father tied it to this tree when we



came home from fishing. Somebody has taken it; that is all.”

“Let us go to the beach and see if we can find it,” said Agnes. “Look, Robert! There it is, on that point of land.”

When they came to the place they saw that the boat chain had caught on a stick a few feet beyond their reach.

“What is that white thing lying on the bottom of the boat?” exclaimed the children.

“A bag of something,” said Robert.

“What can it be?”

“It is wheat,” continued Robert, who was standing on tiptoe, looking into the boat.

“I am going to get a crooked limb and draw the boat up close.”

After thinking of what his mother said before they started, he went in search of a branch, and soon the boat was drawn to the beach.

“Now,” said Robert, after he had driven a stick into the ground and fastened the chain, “we will look into the matter.”

Turning over the bag, to his astonishment, he poured out a peck or two of wheat. He then set to work to scoop it up with his hands.

“I believe this is stolen wheat,” said he. “What a task I have on hand!”

“I will help you gather up the wheat,” said Agnes, springing into the boat, with the pigeon cage in her hand.

After having placed the pigeon cage under the seat, she, too, began scooping up the wheat.

When Agnes jumped into the boat, the motion broke the stick and they slowly drifted from the shore.

When they looked up, after gathering the grain, they were several yards from land.

“What shall we do! What shall we do!” sobbed Agnes. “There are no oars.”

“No, and I don’t see any other way but to take our chances on the island,” said Robert.

“Oh! Oh! if we had not been so excited about what was in the boat, this would not have happened,” said Agnes.

“Do not cry, sister; it cannot be helped now,” said Robert.

“If we had minded mamma in the first place, we would not be in this trouble now,” sobbed Agnes.

“Well, I do not care; a fellow wants to have some fun once in a while,” replied Robert.

“Why! Robert Golden, how dare you talk

so! I am ashamed to have a brother that talks that way," said Agnes, rather sternly.

No more was said on the subject for they were nearing "Fishing Island."

"Now," said Robert, "we must grab that tree yonder, if we get close enough."

A moment later, he had taken hold of a branch, and was slowly pulling himself up to the beach.

"Hurrah! here we are safe and sound," said he, as he jumped ashore. He fastened the chain to a tree, and stood in readiness to help his sister.

After she had come ashore, she went in search of oars to a small hut erected by fishermen. But no oars were to be found.

"Well, we are safe on land," said Robert, "but how will our folks know where we are?"

"Oh, I have a plan! I have a plan!" replied Agnes, after a few minutes' silence.

"We will write two notes telling papa and mamma where we are. Then we will tie them

to the pigeons' necks. They will fly home, for they are already cooing for their supper."

"Yes, but how will mother get the notes?" said Robert.

"Why, she will take the notes from the pigeons' necks when she comes to feed them," said Agnes.

"It is a jolly good plan. Let us try it," said Robert.

Robert then produced pencil and paper and wrote :

FISHING ISLAND,
June 26, 1914.

Dear Papa and Mamma : —

Agnes and I are on Fishing Island. Please come and take us home.

Your loving son,
ROBERT.

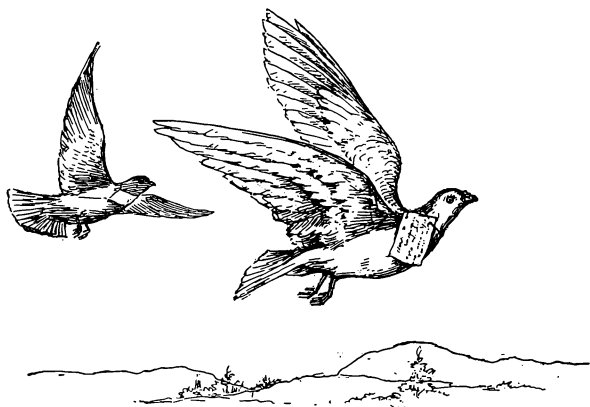
After the notes were written, Agnes tied them on the pigeons' necks.

"There they go, there they go!" cried Robert, joyfully, "they are flying towards home."

"Papa and mamma will soon know where we are, if the pigeons go up to the door to be

fed,” said Agnes. “I do hope they will find those notes and come and take us home before night.”

“I do not see where the children are,” said Mrs. Golden to her husband, as she went out



to feed the pigeons with the crumbs and bread left from the supper table.

“Come — Why, William, here are Agnes’ pets out of the cage and the children not with them. What is this on their necks?”

“It is a note. Let me see,” said Mr. Golden, catching the doves.

“Well, well, if this does not beat all: Robert

and Agnes are on Fishing Island, and they want me to come and take them home. As it is getting dark, I had better hurry."

Mr. Golden then hastened towards Mr. Brown's house to get his boat.

"It seems two hours since the pigeons went, and papa has not come," said Robert; "I do not believe he will come to-night; do you, Agnes?"

"Of course he will come if he knows we are here. Do you suppose papa would let us stay here all night, if he could help it?" replied Agnes.

"No, it does not look like it, does it?" said their father, opening the door of their hut.

"Come, children, I have no time to hear how you got here; you can tell me that when we are going home."

"You are the nicest papa that ever was," said Agnes, after hugging and kissing him a half a dozen times.

On the way home, they told how they came upon the island, and how sorry they were for disobeying their mother.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Where did the Goldens live? How many were in the family? What were their names? What did Robert do on Agnes' birthday? Where did they go? What did their mother say to them? How did they carry the pigeons? What happened to their father's boat? How did Robert bring it close to land? What was in the boat? What happened when Agnes jumped in? Where did they land? How did they tell their father and mother? How did they get home?

Lead the children to see how some of the easiest polysyllabic words in this story are formed.

WORD ANALYSIS

speechless	waistcoat	warpath	policeman
cupboard	oatmeal	undervalue	jackstones
overalls	statesman	commandment	bridegroom
eagerness	woodcutter	forefathers	contentment
forsake	gentleman	woodchuck	headstrong

THE HELPER

My crown of thorns is great and strong,
My scourging cords are thick and long,
My cross is monstrous high and wide;
What matter? God is at my side.

—REV. HUGH FRANCIS BLUNT.

WHEN WE PLANT THE TREE

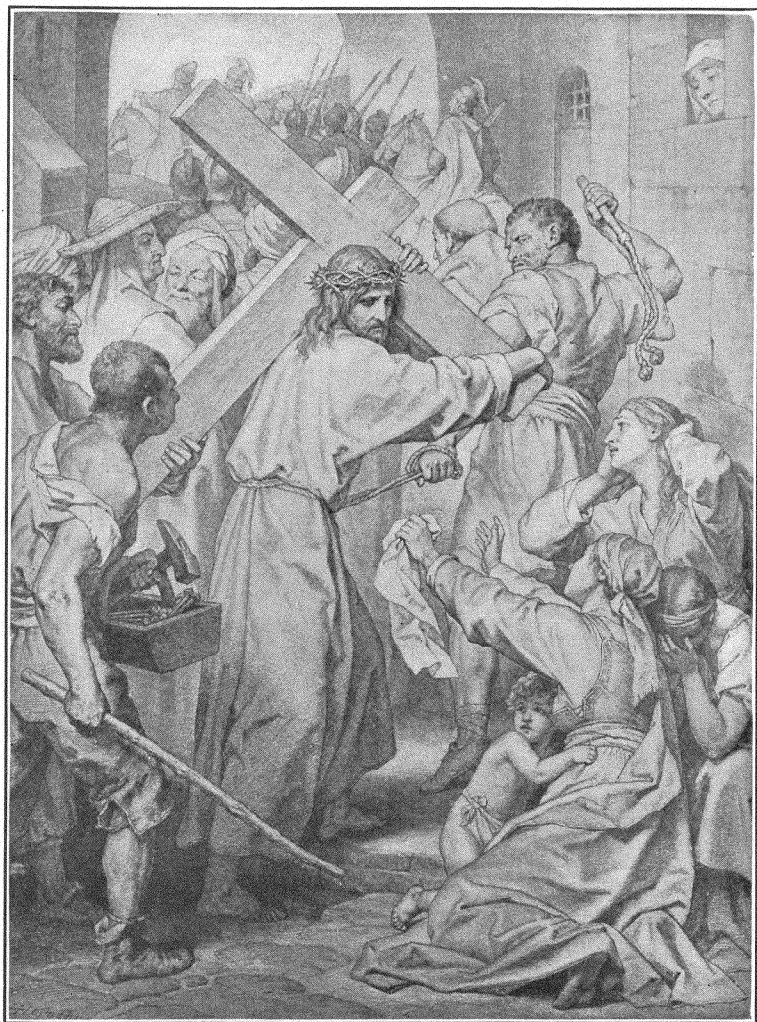
keelson rafters shingles studding

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the ship which will cross the sea,
We plant the mast to carry the sails,
We plant the planks to withstand the gales —
The keel, the keelson, and beam and knee, —
We plant the ship when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the house for you and me,
We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floors,
We plant the studding, the lath, the doors,
The beams and siding, all parts that be,
We plant the house when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
A thousand things that we daily see.
We plant the spire that out-towers the crag,
We plant the staff for our Country's flag.
We plant the shade from the hot sun free;
We plant all these when we plant the tree.

— HENRY ABBEY



Hofmann.

CHRIST BEARING THE CROSS.

THE SETTLEMENT OF MARYLAND

Leonard Calvert	Jesuits	Altham
Cecilia	Clement's	Annunciation
possession	persecuted	Quakers
Puritans	cultivate	

About fourteen years after the landing of the Pilgrims, at Plymouth, another English colony left their native country in the *Dove* and the *Ark* for the shores of America.

These colonists, who were nearly all Catholics, sailed under the leadership of Governor Leonard Calvert and two Jesuits, Fathers White and Altham.

They came to the New World so that they might be free to worship God as their Catholic forefathers did.

On St. Cecilia's Day, November 22, 1633, they set sail from the Isle of Wight, with a gentle east wind blowing.

After a stormy voyage which lasted four months, they came within sight of Maryland.

Their first landing place was St. Clement's Island, on the feast of the Annunciation, March 25, 1634. Here in an Indian wigwam, Father White said a Mass of thanksgiving in honor of the day.

After Mass, the colonists took upon their shoulders a large cross which they had made from a tree, and erected it as a sign of their faith in the Saviour Jesus Christ.

Shortly after landing, Governor Calvert and Father Altham sailed up the Potomac to an Indian village.

The Jesuit Father preached to the assembled Indians. He told them that the palefaces had come, neither to make war upon them nor to do them any wrong. They merely wished to tell them about the religion of Jesus Christ and to live with them like brothers.

"You are welcome," said the chief of the tribe. "We shall use one table. My people will hunt for the palefaces, and all things will be common between us."

The colonists were delighted when they heard of the friendly spirit of the Indians.

Though Governor Calvert could have taken possession of the Maryland colony without paying the Indians for it, he thought it right and just to buy the land from them.

For some English cloth, axes, hoes, knives, etc., the Indians gave Governor Calvert about thirty miles of land, known in later years as St. Mary's County.

With all haste the colonists took possession of the land and built homes on it. The new town was called St. Mary's in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

After having erected their homes, the people with the aid of the friendly Indians set to work to cultivate the land.

In this youthful colony, Catholics and non-Catholics lived side by side on the most friendly terms, enjoying equal rights.

The fame of Maryland soon spread abroad, and in a short time it became the home of those who

were persecuted for their religion, no matter whether they were the Puritans of Virginia or the Quakers of Massachusetts.

But when the non-Catholics became numerous enough in 1654, they seized the government of the Maryland colony and deprived the Catholics of their rights.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

When did the Maryland colonists land in this country? Why did they leave England? How long was the voyage? Where did they land? What did the Indians call the colonists? What did Father Altham say to the Indians? What did the chief say to him? How did the colonists get the land? What was the name of the first town? After whom was it called? Who helped the colonists to till the soil?

Tell the children about Governor Leonard Calvert, Father White and Father Altham.

The child that early learns to prize
And love instruction's voice,
And some delightful book prefers
To idle play and noise,
Has found a treasure and a prize,
The richest far below,
That all the wealth the world can give
Could never yet bestow.

— ALEXANDER SMART.

CITIZEN OF THE WORLD

splendor cloistered

No longer of Him be it said,
“He hath no place to lay His head.”

In every land a constant lamp
Flames by His small and mighty camp.

There is no strange and distant place
That is not gladdened by His face.

And every nation kneels to hail
The Splendor shining through its veil.

Cloistered beside the shouting street,
Silent, He calls me to His feet.

Imprisoned by His love for me,
He makes my spirit greatly free.

And through my lips that uttered sin,
The King of Glory enters in.

— JOYCE KILMER.

What is meant by the “constant lamp”? Where is the Lord’s camp? What is meant by the fourth stanza? Explain the word “cloistered.” Where is our Lord imprisoned? Who is the King of Glory? When does He pass our lips?

AN ELECTRIC FISH

puzzled advantage spectacles naturalist
society scientific responsible skeptical
electricity

“My papa says that last story you told me, Captain Bob, was not all true,” said Willie, with an air of surprise on his bright, open face.

“He did, did he?” said the old captain, who told wonderful yarns, and did not like to have them doubted.

“Yes; he said you must have made up the story,” replied the boy rather timidly.

“But you do not think the story was made up, do you?”

Willie looked puzzled. The cunning captain followed up his advantage by saying: “I was going to tell you a real true story to-day about some electric fishes. It is even more wonderful than that last story, which your father says is not at all true.

“Of course, if you think my stories are not true, you do not want to hear them.”

“Do tell the story, Captain Bob,” pleaded the boy.

“Well,” said the sly old fellow, as he lit his pipe and settled back in his easy chair, “one day, when we were in a port in the East, a gentleman came to me and wanted to know if he could send some fishes by my ship on her return voyage. He wore spectacles, and said he was a naturalist.

“At first I objected, but he said: ‘Captain, I am very anxious to send some electric rays to a scientific society, which is willing to pay you a good price for them.

“‘These rays are peculiar creatures, and they have the power to give strong electric shocks. I do not think that you will have much trouble. All the fishes need is pure ocean water twice a day.’

“‘All right,’ said I; ‘but mind, we are not to be held responsible if the fishes die.’

“So, on the morning of sailing, the electric rays were put into a water-barrel, which was braced strongly on the deck.

“A square hole was sawed through the staves on the upper side in order to give the fishes light and air.

“Some of the men were rather skeptical about the rays giving out electric shocks that amounted to anything.

“I did not know much about it myself; but I was not going to try it.

“One sailor, known as ‘Billy Smart,’ thought he would see just how strong the electricity was.

“So, when no one was looking, he leaned over, put his hand into the barrel and moved it around in the water until he caught one of the fishes.

“The instant he did that, Billy straightened up as though he had been shot. Then he howled a loud ‘Oh!’ He felt his right shoulder and shook his arm to be sure that they were there all right.

“Who was Tom?”

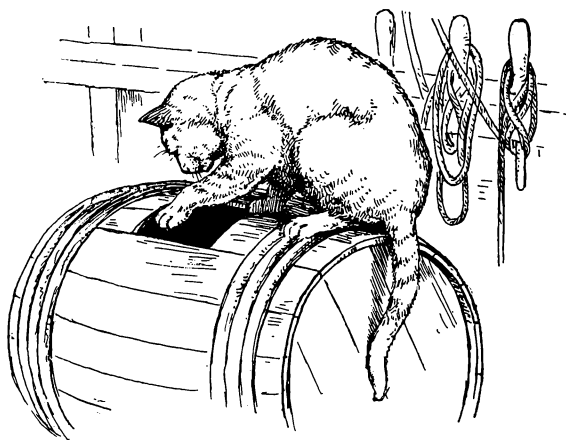
“Why, he was a big, lazy, over-fed cat. He was a great pet with the sailors, who used to take him up in the rigging.

“After a while Tom climbed aloft, and in clear weather he seemed to enjoy it. He was a cunning cat and had a number of tricks, both good and bad.

“I am sorry to say that Tom was a bold thief. The minute the cook’s back was turned he would steal whatever he could lay his paws on.

“One afternoon, I noticed the old fellow studying the water-barrel. Then I knew that Tom was going to steal one of the electric fishes. So I awaited the fun.

“Cautiously and lightly the cat pulled himself up the side of the barrel. Then he peered over the square hole for half a minute, when he saw one of the electric fishes, half alive floating near the surface. The temptation was too strong for Tom’s big appetite.



“All at once he made a quick grab for the fish with his left paw.

“But that cat never knew what struck him!

“With a ‘meow’ and a yell, Tom sprang high into the air, and dropped all in a heap on deck.

“Like a flash he was on his feet making a wild dash for the storeroom, where he stayed that night.

“There he hid for more than two days, and, at the end of that time, after considerable coaxing, Tom crept out half-scared and ashamed.

“The barrel was thereafter an object of terror.

“When Tom was obliged to go near it, he would

arch his back, show his white teeth, and act as if he expected some wild animal to spring out at him. The old fellow was not happy until we reached our home port, and then the terrible barrel disappeared.

“Now, my boy, ask your father what he thinks of this story.”

With that parting salute, Captain Bob rose up and walked away.

—LEE Y. VANCE.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Why are they called electric fish? What happened to Billy Smart? What did Tom think of the rays? Did he try to catch one? Tell what happened. What did the captain say to the boy?

Have the children tell what they know of the different kinds of fish.

The ray has the anterior part of the body rounded and disk-like, the tail short and ending in a rayed fin, and a pair of electric organs between the head and the pectoral fins.

How pleasant it is at the end of the day
No follies to have to repent;
But reflect on the past, and be able to say
That my time has been properly spent.

—JANE TAYLOR.

MY WISH

treasures

casket

disclose

eternity

Each little act of virtue,
 Performed from day to day,
Is like a precious jewel
 In heaven laid away.

Our angel, in a casket,
 Each treasure doth conceal,
That rust may not consume them,
 Nor thieves break through nor steal.

And none shall know what treasures
 Are 'neath the golden lid,
Until God's final judgment
 Disclose the jewels hid.

God grant, my dearest brother,
 That when thy course is run,
Thy casket may be brimming
 With jewels thou hast won.

For, in that crown of glory
Which God shall make for thee,
These precious gems shall sparkle
For all eternity.

—REV. FRANCIS J. BUTLER.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

To what does the poet compare each act of virtue? Who takes care of our acts of virtue? When shall we find out what is in our casket? What does the poet wish each of us? How long will the gems sparkle? What is the meaning of "casket," "judgment," "eternity," "precious"?

Rev. Francis J. Butler, author, was born in East Cambridge, Mass., and is now pastor of St. Ann's Church, Somerville, Mass.

LITTLE LAMB

Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life, and made thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead?
Gave thee clothing of delight, —
Softest clothing, woolly, bright?
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

— WILLIAM BLAKE.

EACH DAILY TASK

quickeningsuccortepid

For future usefulness
I do not ask.
Grant, Lord, Thy succor for
Each present task.

On all my hastening thoughts
Thy grace bestow ;
Kindle each tepid one,
Teach it to glow.

Let me show instant love
In other's needs ;
Fill all my quickening hours
With kindly deeds.

Nobler our victories are
Small faults to shun.
More perfect manhood comes
From things well done.

Seize then each moment's worth
Ere it depart.
Imprint time's golden coins
With present art.

— VERY REV. T. L. CROWLEY, O. P.

The gifted author of this thoughtful poem, the Very Rev. T. L. Crowley, O. P., is at present prior of the Convent of St. Louis Bertrand, Louisville, Ky.

ROSY MAIDEN WINIFRED

Rosy maiden Winifred,
With the milk pail on her head,
Tripping through the corn,
While the dew lies on the wheat
In the sunny morn.
Scarlet shepherd's weatherglass
Spreads wide open at her feet
As they pass;
Cornflowers give their almond smell
While she brushes by,
And a lark sings from the sky,
“All is well.”

— CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.



THE PRODIGAL SON.

Doré.

leaving the good home of his father, and he wished he were there once more.

He said to himself: "I will arise and go to my father, and say to him: 'Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee. I am not worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants.'"

And rising up, he came to his father.

When he was a great way off, his father saw him, was moved with compassion, and running to his son fell upon his neck and kissed him.

The son said to the father: "I have sinned against heaven and before thee. I am not now worthy to be called thy son."

The father said to his servants: "Bring forth quickly the first robe, and put it on him, and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet; and bring hither the fatted calf and kill it, and let us eat and make merry; because this my son was dead and is come to life again; was lost and is found."

And they began to make merry.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

What did the younger son ask of his father? Where did he go? How did he spend his money? When the money was gone, what happened? What work did the younger son have to do? What thoughts came to his mind? Did he return home? How did his father receive him? Why did he have such a big feast?

A CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER

Ere on my bed my limbs I lay,
God grant me grace my prayers to say.
O God, preserve my mother dear
In health and strength for many a year,
And, oh, preserve my father, too,
And may I pay him rev'rence due;
And may I my best thought employ
To be my parents' hope and joy!
My sisters and my brothers both
From evil guard, and save from sloth,
And may we always love each other,
Our friends, our father, and our mother,
And still, O Lord, to me impart
A contrite, pure, and grateful heart,
That after my last sleep, I may
Awake to Thy eternal day. Amen.

—SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

A FATHER'S LOVE

eternal

Last evening, darling, as you slept,
I thought I heard you sigh,
And to your little crib I crept
And watched a space thereby ;
Then, bending down, I kissed your brow —
For, oh ! I love you so —
You are too young to know it now,
But sometime you shall know.

Look backward, then, into the years,
And see me here to-night —
See, O my darling ! how my tears
Are falling as I write ;
And feel once more upon your brow
The kiss of long ago —
You are too young to know it now,
But sometime you shall know.

Sometime, when in a darkened place
Where others come to weep,

Your eyes shall see a weary face
Calm in eternal sleep.
The speechless lips, the wrinkled brow,
The patient smile may show —
You are too young to know it now,
But sometime you shall know.

— EUGENE FIELD.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

To whom is the poet speaking? What did he say to his child? What does he tell the child to do in the second stanza? What does the third stanza tell?

Have the children tell how they feel after reading this poem.

Eugene Field (1850–1895), a journalist and poet of Chicago, Ill. His poems for children are especially good.

GREEN RIVER

When breezes are soft and skies are fair,
I steal an hour from study and care,
And hie me away to the woodland scene,
Where wanders the stream with waters of green,
As if the bright fringe of herbs on its brink
Had given their stain to the waves they drink;
And they, whose meadows it murmurs through,
Have named the stream from its own fair hue.

— WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE MAY-DAY PARTY

pattern autos

• As Helen and Margaret were walking home from school, they were talking of the May-Day story which their teacher had read to them that afternoon.

“I wish we could have a May-Day party,” said Margaret.

“So do I; but we cannot have one without flowers and a garden, or going into the woods. And we have not even a yard,” said Helen, sadly.

That was true, for they lived with their mother in three rooms on the second floor of a big house.

“Perhaps mother will take us to the country. May-Day comes on Saturday, you know.”

“Perhaps she will.”

But when mother said she could not spare the time from her sewing to take them, the little girls were very much disappointed.

“You had better not think any more about it, my dears,” advised their mother. “Perhaps

some day, we may be able to have a home with a yard."

When May-Day came it was a beautiful, bright day. Margaret and Helen helped their mother about the house the greater part of the morning. After an early lunch they said that they would make some new clothes for their dolls.

"You may sit near me, and I will overlook your work. We will have a nice afternoon. But first, Helen, I wish you would go upstairs to Mrs. Long's, and get that pattern I lent her. I need it. Tell her she may have it again on Monday."

Helen found Mrs. Long busy ironing. Her little girl, Ella, five years old, was crying.

"Why, Ella, what is the matter?" asked Helen.

Ella did not answer. She only cried the louder.

"She wants me to take her over to Willow Park. She likes to watch the swans in the lake there, but I cannot leave my work. I have that big basket of clothes to iron."

“O poor Ella, it is too bad! Come down and stay with us.”

But Ella refused to go or to be comforted.

Helen took the pattern which Mrs. Long handed her and went back to her own house.

She told her mother and Margaret about Ella.

“It is a pity her mother cannot take her,” said Mrs. Smith. “Poor Ella is in the house too much. It is not safe to let her play out in the street.”

“Let us take her to the park,” said Margaret.

Helen did not want to leave her doll’s clothes, now that she had begun to make them.

“Well, let us take Ella,” she said, after thinking a while.

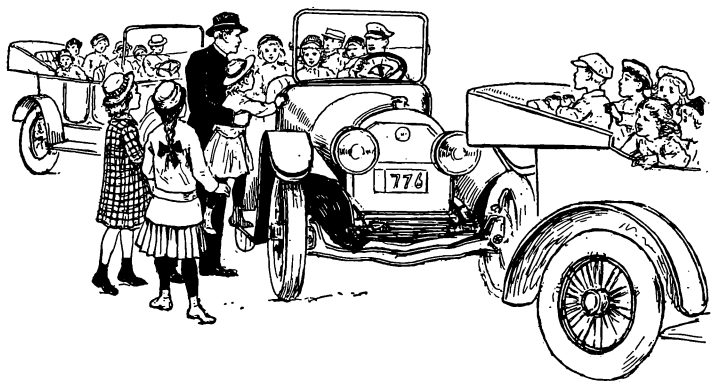
Mrs. Long was very glad and thankful when they took Ella, and the little girl herself was soon all smiles, as her mother washed her face and hands, and put on a clean dress.

Willow Park was not too far for them to walk there. It was very beautiful that afternoon — the trees in their fresh green, and the fountains sparkling.

The three children sat by the lake to watch the swans. Ella was happy, and laughed aloud with delight.

“Now if we had some flowers,” said Helen, “it would be almost as good as a real May-Day party.”

Then the most wonderful thing happened. Three big autos came along and stopped by the



lake. They were filled with school children carrying baskets of flowers. Father Green, in one of the autos, noticed the three little children.

“Would you like to come with us, Margaret and Helen?” the priest called out. “Come on ;

there is always room for more. We are going on a May-ride."

And before the girls knew it, they were lifted into an auto by a gentleman with laughing eyes, and were whirling through the park.

Oh, what a time they did have! They rode for miles and miles, till they came to a place in the country where they got out and had ice-cream and cake. Then they whirled back to the city, and got down at their own door.

Mother was just beginning to feel uneasy about them. How surprised she was when she heard of their wonderful afternoon, and saw the beautiful flowers they carried.

"And it would not have happened if we had not taken Ella to the park," said Helen. "Why, it was just like a story you read. It was a most beautiful May-party."

— EMILY S. WINDSOR.

The use of the hyphen in compound words and in words divided at the end of a line should be called to the attention of the children.

THE MAY PROCESSION

banners

garlands

demurer



What is clearer, what is dearer, than the children's voices singing,
As they come with banners waving, as they come
with garlands gay,
Where the waking buds are breaking and the
tender grass is springing,

In our Lady's month of beauty, in our Lady's
month of May.

What is purer or demurer than the fresh young
flower-like faces

(Ah, no flowers in all the meadows are so gracious
or so sweet!)

As advancing, softly glancing, through the fra-
grant woodland places,

They approach the shrine of Mary, there to kneel
at Mary's feet!

What is fairer, what is rarer, than our Lady's
May procession!

What is nearer to a foretaste of a more than
earthly bliss!

Ah, no pleasure, — ah, no treasure, of our later
life's possession

Can compare with all the sweetness and the
innocence of this!

—DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

Why do we have May processions? Did you ever take
part in one? Where do you think this May procession took
place — in the city or in the country?

ALICE BECOMES QUEEN

feverish lightning division bargains
interrupted examination nasty acres
 opportunity subtraction



“Well, well,” said Alice, “I never thought that I should be a queen so soon.”

So she got up and walked about rather strangely at first, for she was afraid that the crown might fall off. However, she comforted herself with the thought that there was nobody to see how she walked or acted.

“If I really am a queen,” she said as she sat down again, “I shall be able to act like one in time.”

Everything was happening so queerly that Alice did not feel at all surprised at finding the Red Queen and the White Queen sitting close to her, one at each side.

“Please, would you tell me —” she began, looking at the Red Queen.

“Speak when you are spoken to!” the queen rudely interrupted her.

“If everybody obeyed that rule,” said Alice, who was ready for a little argument, “and if you only spoke when you are spoken to, and the other person always waited for you to begin, nobody would ever say anything.”

“How silly!” said the queen. “Why, do you not see, child —” here she broke off with a frown, and began to talk about something else. “What do you mean by, ‘If you really are a queen’? What right have you to call yourself so? You cannot be a queen until you have passed the proper examination.”

“I only said ‘if,’” answered Alice in a kindly tone.

The two queens looked at each other, and the Red Queen remarked: "She says she only said 'if' —"

"But she said a great deal more than that!" moaned the White Queen, wringing her hands. "Oh, ever so much more than that!"

"So you did, you know," the Red Queen said to Alice. "Always speak the truth; think before you speak; and write it down afterwards."

"I am sure I did not mean —" Alice was beginning to say, but the Red Queen interrupted her impatiently.

"That is just what I complain of! You should have meant it. What do you suppose is the use of a child without any meaning? Even a joke should have some meaning — and a child is more important than a joke, I hope. You could not deny that, even if you tried with both hands."

"I do not deny things with my hands," Alice replied.

“Nobody said you did,” cried the Red Queen. “I said you could not, if you tried.”

“She is in that state of mind,” said the White Queen, “that she wants to deny something — only she does not know what to deny.”

“A nasty temper,” the Red Queen remarked; and then there was an uncomfortable silence for a minute or two.

The Red Queen broke the silence by saying to the White Queen, “I invite you to Alice’s dinner-party this afternoon.”

The White Queen smiled feebly, and said, “And I invite you.”

“I did not know I was to have a party at all,” said Alice; “but if there is to be one, I think I ought to invite the guests.”

“We gave you the opportunity of doing it,” the Red Queen replied; “but I dare say you have not yet had many lessons in manners.”

“Manners are not taught in lessons,” said Alice. “Lessons teach you to do sums, and things of that sort.”

“Can you do addition?” the White Queen asked. “What is one and one and one and one and one and one and one and one and one and one?”

“I do not know,” said Alice. “I lost count.”

“She cannot do addition,” the Red Queen interrupted. “Can you do subtraction? Take nine from eight.”

“Nine from eight, — I cannot, you know,” Alice replied very readily; “but —”

“She cannot do subtraction,” said the White Queen. “Can you do division? Divide a loaf by a knife — What is the answer to that?”

“I suppose —” Alice was beginning, but the Red Queen answered for her. “Bread and butter, of course. Try another subtraction sum. Take a bone from a dog; what remains?”

Alice considered, “The bone would not remain, of course, if I took it — and the dog would not remain; it would come to bite me — and I am sure I should not remain!”

“Then you think nothing would remain?” said the Red Queen.

“I think that is the answer.”

“Wrong, as usual,” said the Red Queen; “the dog’s temper would remain.”

“But I do not see how —”

“Why, look here!” the Red Queen cried. “The dog would lose its temper, would it not?”

“Perhaps it would,” Alice replied cautiously.

“Then if the dog went away, its temper would remain!” the queen exclaimed.

Alice said, “They might go different ways.”

But she could not help thinking to herself, “What dreadful nonsense we are talking!”

“She cannot do a sum at all,” the queens said together.

“Can you do sums?” Alice said, turning suddenly to the White Queen, for she did not like being found fault with so much.

The queen gasped and shut her eyes. “I can do addition,” she said, “if you give me time; but I cannot do subtraction.”

“Of course you know your A B C?” said the Red Queen.

“To be sure I do,” said Alice.

“So do I,” the White Queen whispered; “we will often say it together, dear. And I will tell you a secret—I can read words of one letter! Is not that grand? However, do not be discouraged. You will come to it in time.”

Here the Red Queen began again. “Can you answer useful questions?” she said. “How is bread made?”

“I know that!” Alice cried eagerly. “You take some flour—”

“Where do you pick the flowers?” the White Queen asked; “in a garden or in the hedges?”

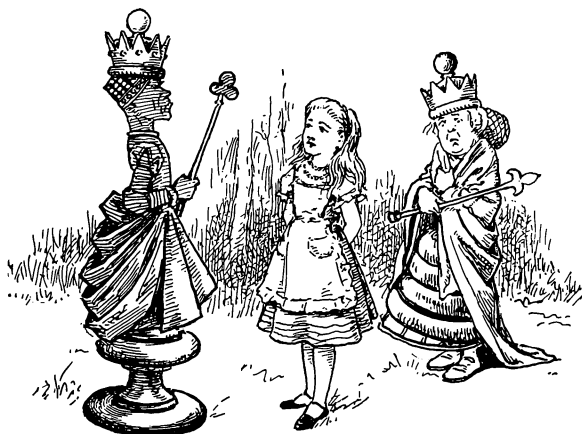
“Well, it is not picked at all,” Alice explained; “it is ground—”

“How many acres of ground?” said the White Queen. “You must not leave out so many things.”

“Fan her head!” the Red Queen anxiously interrupted. “She will be feverish after so much thinking.”

So they set to work and fanned her with bunches of leaves, till she had to beg them to leave off, it blew her hair about so.

“She is all right again now,” said the Red Queen. “Do you know languages? What is the French for fiddle-de-dee?”



“Fiddle-de-dee is not English,” Alice replied gravely.

“Who ever said it was?” said the Red Queen.

Alice thought she saw a way out of the difficulty this time. “If you will tell me what language fiddle-de-dee is, I will tell you the French for it!” she exclaimed.

But the Red Queen drew herself up rather stiffly and said, "Queens never make bargains."

"I wish queens never asked questions," Alice thought to herself.

"Do not let us quarrel," the White Queen said in an anxious tone. "What is the cause of lightning?"

"The cause of lightning," Alice said very decidedly, for she felt quite certain about this, "is the thunder — no, no!" she hastily corrected herself. "I meant the other way."

"It is too late to correct it," said the Red Queen; "when you have once said a thing, that fixes it, and you must take the consequences."

—LEWIS CARROLL.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Name the three characters in this story. What did the Red Queen say to Alice? How did Alice answer her? What made the Red Queen complain? What did Alice say about manners? Give some of the questions which the Red Queen asked Alice. Repeat the conversation about making bread.

Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, better known as "Lewis Carroll" (1832–1898), a mathematician and a writer of several books for children, was born in England.

The red-gilled, slow, deep-sided bream,
He knows the mating-song.
The chirping green-fly on the grass
Accepts his comrade meet;
The small gray rabbits fearless pass;
The birds light at his feet.

He knows not he is learning;
He does not write a word;
But in the soul discerning
A living spring is stirred.

— JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

What are the bees doing? Why are the cattle in the shadow? Is it a hot day? Why is not the wheat stirring? Where does the boy come to school? Who is his teacher? What are his lessons? Is he learning anything?

The teacher should lead the children to see that Nature is an open book from which we all can learn useful lessons.

John Boyle O'Reilly (1844-1890), a well-known poet and journalist, was born in Ireland, came to this country in 1869, and became editor of the Boston *Pilot*.

THE CHILD TO WHOM EVERYBODY WAS KIND

Rollo nurseries lantern precocious
shaggy homage shocked



Little Rollo was a darling child. Just because he was so precious, he never seemed to have a moment to himself.

He had great roomy nurseries; and he had a head-nurse and an under-nurse to look after his little person.

The nurseries were full of light and air; and everything in them was chosen with a special eye to Rollo's delight.

The wall paper was covered with nursery stories, and the white wood furniture had rhymes carved upon it.

There was a toy cupboard crammed full of the most lovely toys, and rows of book shelves with dozens of picture-books.

Rollo's little bed was curtained in silk, and was as soft and warm as love could make it.

He had the prettiest suits and overalls; in fact, everything a child could desire.

What was more, he had a lovely mother, and a father who thought more of Rollo than of anything in the world except Rollo's mother. He had a pony, too.

But for all the fine things and the tenderness which surrounded him, little Rollo was a lonely child.

What was the good of all those toys when he had no other children to help him play with them?

What was the good of the story-books and picture-books for one lonely little boy who never had another child with whom to read them or look at them?

At Christmas, Rollo had a great shining tree all to himself. There was a magic lantern provided for his lonely little eyes.

None of the things gave him much pleasure; but he was too sweet-tempered to say so.

So Rollo locked the secret of his loneliness away in his own breast, lest he should grieve his mother by telling her of it.

He never thought that anybody could discover the lonely ache he had for children like himself; but a few friends did guess.

Mrs. Varney, the head-nurse, and Jane, the under-nurse, had often talked about it when Rollo was in bed in the night-nursery.

"The little lamb's appetite is growing poorer and poorer," said Nurse Varney. "And Dr. Black's medicine does not seem to help him."

"It is well his mother has not noticed his

pale face," said Jane, "or she would fret about it."

Rollo at this time was just four and a half years old, but very precocious for his age.

Though his father sometimes came into the nursery and played with him, the games were less jolly than they had once been.

Rollo was lonelier than ever. The nurses at their sewing seemed to look at him pityingly, or at least Rollo fancied they did.

He often thought that he would like to talk to his pony about things. But he never had the pony to himself for an instant.

When he went out to ride, James, the groom, rode by him all the time.

He was not allowed a canary bird in his nursery because some one had said it was unhealthy.

For the same reason he had no playful kitten.

Often and often Rollo, when he was out riding with James, thought how much he should like to get off his pony, and talk to the other chil-

dren he saw standing about the cottage doors, or trotting to and fro from school, with cheeks like apples, all looking so happy.

Even the children in the gypsy caravans attracted him, although they were wild little scarecrows, with manes as shaggy and eyes as bright as his pony's.

Everywhere he went, the children looked at him shyly and bowed to him.

Rollo was used to that homage from his little world, and was not elated by it.

One day, he said to James that he would like to play with the gypsy boys; but James appeared so shocked at this that Rollo was dumb-founded.

"They would not know how to behave themselves," said James, "if they were in company like yours, sir. They would be apt to run away from you."

Rollo thought a good deal about this. He made up his mind when mother was better, he would ask her to let him play with the

gypsies, or with the cottage children. Mother had never refused him anything.

But if things were going to be like that, he thought he would not tell the children who he was, lest they should run away from him.

Madonna Raphael induced calamity
visible

Now above the nursery mantel-piece there was a picture of a Madonna and Child by Raphael. Rollo had known it all his life, and had learned to say his prayers before it.

But he had not thought of it as anything but a picture, till one evening when he was sitting on the rug before the nursery fire gazing into the rosy deeps. He was thinking his own lonely thoughts. Nurse Varney had dozed asleep in her chair, and Jane was somewhere downstairs. The house was very still.

Suddenly he looked up, and for an instant he thought the Child in His Mother's arms leaned toward him, and they smiled gently and lovingly.

The picture did hang a little forward, and the firelight had leaped up and seemed to light the eyes of the Child and the Mother.

“Supposing they knew!” thought Rollo. “Supposing the Infant Jesus and His Blessed Mother knew what Rollo could not tell his own mother! Supposing they were sorry for him!”

Nurse Varney started up, suddenly awakened by the sound of Rollo’s voice.

“Were you speaking, Master Rollo?” she asked, rubbing her eyes.

“Not to any person, Nanna,” Rollo answered gently.

“For speaking to a picture is not to speak to a person, is it?” — although the Mother and the Baby in the picture had seemed to smile.

Nurse Varney got up with a great bustle, and lighted the lamps.

After Rollo had had his tea, she took him on her knee and told him fairy tales, and Rollo was very happy until bedtime.

But it was not Nurse’s kindness that made

him happy, since he was used to that; but the thought of what he had said to the Mother and the Child, and how they had seemed to smile.

He listened comfortably to the story, which was one of his favorites (though it made him cry), about the little boy who was lonely like himself, and went out into the wood and asked all the creatures of the forest to play with him.

They all had things of their own to do, and preferred each other's society to his, and told him to go back to his own kind and be happy with them.

This evening the story did not sadden him as it usually did.

Afterwards, while he and Nurse Varney were still alone, he must show her a corner of his secret, although nothing in the world would have induced him to show more than a corner.

“Supposing I were to ask for something for Christmas that I wanted very much, do you suppose I should get it?” he asked.

“Why surely, my lamb,” she replied. “What do you want?”

“That is something I had rather not say, please,” replied Rollo in his old-fashioned way. “But supposing I asked the Blessed Virgin and the Baby Jesus for something I wanted very much, do you think it would be given me?”

“Why certainly,” said the surprised nurse. “I will tell your father about it, dearie.”

“Oh, no; do not ask papa. I have asked it already, and I will just wait till Christmas, and see if it comes.”

“That is the best way,” replied Nurse Varney, who supposed the child was talking some nonsense to her.

That night when Rollo was in bed, the nurses lowered their voices as they spoke together, but he heard Nurse Varney saying that it was sad to be a rich boy with no one for company.

Between that time and Christmas, Rollo thought constantly of the thing he had asked for; and said to himself that if Santa Claus

could give people things, the Blessed Virgin and the Divine Child were sure to have more power still.

They certainly had smiled at him. They smiled now in twilight and firelight as though there were a secret between them and Rollo.

Christmas came that year under a pall of snow. It seemed to lie on the great house amid its woods and park-lands like a visible silence.

Rollo's Christmas pleasures had not been forgotten. The stocking hung above his head when he opened his eyes, filled to the brim with delightful toys. A number of parcels were set out for his own hands to open. They were from his cousins in other parts of the country.

When he entered the day-nursery, he was met by a cow, large as life and covered with a real skin; and a little dog that barked and rushed about and did everything but live.

"Is that all?" asked Rollo in a disappointed voice, when he had examined every parcel with

great eagerness, and Jane had shown him how to work the dog and the cow.

“All!” repeated Jane. “What does the child want, bless his heart?”

“It cannot be all,” said Rollo. “I expected something else.”

“It may yet come, then,” said Jane.

“It will surely come,” Rollo kept saying to himself as the day went on, and the thought cheered him.

After the early dinner, Nurse Varney went out. Rollo was left to Jane, who tried to amuse him as best she could.

Rollo sat on the rug and looked at the picture, while Jane, a short distance from him, was reading a newspaper.

The only thing that Rollo was afraid of was that they might put him to bed before *it* arrived: and that would be something of a calamity.

So he kept very quiet, hoping that Jane would forget him, and, indeed, became almost cramped from sitting so long motionless on the rug.

It was a long, long afternoon. Jane and Rollo had tea together, and there was still no sign of Nurse Varney.

After tea, Jane offered to read nursery rhymes to Rollo, but seemed relieved when he thanked her and said he would rather not.

As a matter of fact, he was listening with all his might for a step on the stairs bringing *it*. But all the long afternoon no one came near them.

At last, when Jane was beginning to talk of Rollo's bath and bed and of ringing to summon Nurse Varney, the door opened and his father came in.

Rollo ran to him with a little cry of joy. His father took Rollo up on his knee.

"I want to see mother," said Rollo.

"You shall to-morrow," his father replied. "She sends you her dear love : and Nurse Varney is bringing in her special Christmas present."

"I knew it would come," said Rollo.

Then Nurse Varney came in, smiling. She

had something in her arms wrapped up in a shawl, and, when she uncovered its face, Rollo saw the cutest little baby.

“And how do you like your little brother?” asked his father, watching Rollo’s eager face.



“Very much, thank you,” said Rollo, “but I wanted him to play with. I should have thought the Blessed Virgin and the Child would have known that, and sent him older.”

“But he will grow very fast,” his father assured him. “Why, by next Christmas he will be quite a playfellow for you.”

Then he put Rollo on his shoulder and carried him off to have dinner with him, and they were happy since the little playfellow had come.

Two hours later, when Rollo came back to the nursery in his father’s arms, he lifted himself up to look at the picture, and to say, *Thank you*. And he was sure that the Blessed Virgin and the Child smiled more than ever.

— *Adapted from* KATHERINE TYNAN HINKSON.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

What kind of a home did Rollo have? Why was he lonely? When he went out riding, what did he feel like doing? What picture was in the nursery? What did Rollo think about it? What did he ask Nurse Varney? What did she say to him? What did Rollo get for Christmas? Was he entirely satisfied? What did he expect? Did it come? What did he say when he saw his little brother?

Mrs. Katherine Tynan Hinkson (1861–), a famous novelist and poet, was born in Ireland.

· We first make our habits; then our habits make us.

— DRYDEN.

VACATION TIME

grammars pencils fractions beavers
 holiday

The grammars and the spellers,
The pencils and the slates,
The books that hold the fractions,
And the books that tell the dates,
The crayons and the blackboards,
And the maps upon the wall,
Must all be glad together,
For they won't be used till Fall.

They've had to work like beavers *f*
To help the children learn;
And if they want a little rest,
It surely is their turn.
They shut their leaves with pleasure,
The dear old lesson books,
And the crayons and the blackboards
Put on delighted looks.

So, children, just remember,
When you are gone away,

Your poor old slates and pencils
Are keeping holiday.
The grammars and the spellers
Are as proud as proud can be
When the boys forsake the schoolroom
And the teacher turns the key.

— MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Mrs. Margaret Elizabeth Sangster (1838–1912), a well-known writer and poet, was born in New Rochelle, N. Y.

HOW CHILDREN SHOULD LIVE

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so ;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature to ;
But, children, you should never let
Such angry passions rise ;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.
Let love through all your actions run,
And all your words be mild ;
Live like the Blessed Virgin's Son,
That sweet and holy Child. — ISAAC WATTS.

THE FIRST MARTYR

deacons accused continually

During the first years of the Church, all the Christians belonged, as it were, to one large family. It was the duty of the Apostles to give them daily the food which they needed.

But when the Christians became very numerous, the Apostles were unable to attend to all. So seven good and wise men, called the seven deacons, were selected for this special work.

Among these noble men was St. Stephen. He was full of grace and fortitude, and did great work among the people.

Notwithstanding all this, some of the Jews accused him of having spoken against Moses and Almighty God. As a result, St. Stephen was brought before the council where those who looked at him thought they saw the face of an angel. False witnesses said that he was continually speaking against the Holy Places and the Law.

The High Priest said to him: "Are these things so?"

St. Stephen then made a long speech in which he told the Jews that their forefathers had persecuted the prophets, and that they had crucified the Saviour. This cut the Jews to the heart. It was more than they could bear.

St. Stephen then, lifting up his eyes, cried out: "Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing at the right hand of God."

No sooner had St. Stephen said this than the Jews rushed upon him, and stoned him to death.

While they were cruelly stoning him, he prayed for them, saying: "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." Having said this, the first martyr died.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

What is a martyr? How did the first Christians live? Who distributed to them their food? Why were the seven deacons needed? Who accused St. Stephen? What did he say to the High Priest? Did the Jews put him to death?

TO THEE, O COUNTRY!

To thee, O Country! great and free,
With trusting hearts we cling;
Our voices tuned by joyous love,
Thy pow'r and praises sing.

Upon thy mighty faithful heart,
We lay our burdens down;
Thou art the only friend who feels
Their weight without a frown.

For thee we daily work and strive,
To thee we give our love;
For thee with fervor deep we pray
To Him Who dwells above.

O God, preserve our fatherland,
Let Peace its ruler be;
And let her happy kingdom stretch
From north to south-most sea.

— ANNA EICHBERG.

WORD LIST

Aâr'ôn, a man's name, the brother of Moses.

ǎe çǎpt'ǎ ble, agreeable.

ǎc eũșe', to charge with a fault or an offense.

a cre (ǎ'kěr), a measure of land.

ǎe'tũ ǎl lỹ, really.

ǎd'mĩ rǎ'tion (shũn), something that excites wonder.

ǎd vǎn'tǎge, benefit, gain, profit.

ǎd vĩce', an opinion given to be followed.

ǎf fâirs', business, concern.

ǎf flie'tion (shũn), grief, pain, infirmity.

ǎf fõrd', to give forth, to furnish.

ǎf'rĩ eǎ, one of the continents.

ǎl lē'grǎ, a girl's name.

ǎl low', to grant, to concede.

ǎl mĩght'ỹ, all powerful.

ǎlth'ǎm, a family name.

ǎ mount', the sum total.

ǎn cients (ǎn'shěnts), the people of old.

ǎn'guish (g̃wĩsh), extreme pain of body or mind.

ǎn nounçe', to publish, to give notice.

ǎn nounçe'měnt, the act of giving notice.

ǎn nũn'qĩ ǎ'tion (nũn'sĩ ǎ'shũn), one of the feast days of the
Blessed Virgin.

ǎn x ious (ǎnk'shũs), worried, concerned.

ǎp pēar'ǎnçe, looks, external show.

ǎp'pě tite, craving for food or drink.

ǎ põl'õ gỹ, an expression of regret for something said or done.

ăp prĕn'tiĕe, one who serves his time learning a trade.
 ăp prōach', to come near.
 ă rĕ'nă, a place of public contests.
 ăr mĕ'nĭ ă, a country in Asia.
 ăs sĕm'ble, to collect into one place.
 ăs sĕnt', to agree to, to give in.
 ăs sĭst'ănĕe, help, aid.
 ăs tŏn'ĭsh mĕnt, surprise, wonder.
 ăt tăek', to assault, to assail.
 ăt tăin', to reach, to arrive at.
 ăt tĕnd'ănt, one who waits upon another.
 au'tō, automobile.
 az ure (ăzh'ŭr), the clear blue of the sky.

bāk'ĕr ỹ, a place for baking bread, etc.
 băn dĭt'tĭ, lawless men, robbers.
 băn'nĕrș, a piece of cloth attached to a pole.
 bar gains (băr'gĕnș), agreements.
 băr'ôn, a nobleman, a lord.
 bĕa'vĕr, a small animal that lives near rivers and lakes.
 bĕek'on ĭng, calling by a motion of the hand.
 Bĕ lĭn'dă, a girl's name.
 bĕn'ĕ făĕ'tor (tĕr), one who helps another.
 blĭss'ful lỹ, happily, delightfully.
 blŭn'dĕr, a mistake, an error.
 Bon heur (Bŏ'nŭr'), a family name.
 bŭs'tle, to move about noisily.
 eă lăm'ĭ tỹ, a great misfortune, distress.
 Ɔăl'vă rỹ, the place where our Lord was crucified.
 Ɔăn'ă dă, a country of North America.

eā nā' rīeš, birds of a light yellow color.
eān' nōn, large gun.
eān' vās, strong cloth.
eā rēssed', petted.
eās' kēt, a box to hold jewels.
eās' sīek, a long garment worn by a priest.
eās' tle, a large fortified building.
Čě ģīl' iā, a girl's name.
čěn' tū rỹ, a hundred years.
chāl' ięe, a sacred vessel.
Čhā' nāan, a country in Asia.
chār' i' ōt, a two-wheeled car.
chēr' išh, to hold dear.
Chi a pas (Chě ä' pās), a state in Mexico.
Chiek' ā hōm' i' nỹ, a river in Virginia.
čhiv' āl rỹ, gallantry, bravery.
chüek' le, to laugh.
Člēm' ěnt, a boy's name.
elois' tēred, confined, inclosed.
elūs' tēr, a group.
eō' eōa nūt', the nut of the cocoa tree.
eōl li' sion (lĩzh' ũn), clash.
eōm mēņęe', to begin, to start.
eōm mīt', to do, to intrust.
eōm pāre', to examine the qualities of persons or things.
eōm pas' sion (pāsh' ũn), sympathy, pity.
eōn fū' sion (zhũn), perplexity.
eōn' sē quēņęe (kwěns), that which follows something.
eōn sīd' ěr āte, thoughtful, kind.
eōn sōle', to comfort, to cheer.

eǔn sǔmp'tion (shǔn), a disease.
 eǔn tǐn'ǔ ǎl lý, often repeated.
 eǔn trīve', to plan.
 eǔn'vēr sǎ'tion (shǔn), familiar talk.
 eoun'sěl, advice.
 Erǎtch'ít, a family name.
 erǎġ'gỹ, rough, rugged.
 erāy'ǔn, a stick of chalk.
 erěv'íce, a narrow opening.
 erīm'ĩ nǎl, one guilty of a crime.
 erīm'şon, a deep red color.
 erǐp'ple, one who limps or is disabled.
 erǐsp'ỹ, brittle, easily broken.
 erǐt'ĩ ġize, to judge, to find fault.
 eū'bīt, an old measure 18 to 21 inches.
 eūl'tĩ vāte, to till.
 cup board (kǔb'ērd), a small closet.
 eū'rĩ oūs, desirous of knowing or learning things.
 eūt'lěr, one who makes or sells cutlery.

dēa'eon, a cleric who assists the celebrant in a solemn Mass.
 dēbt, that which one owes.
 dē ġid'ēd, determined.
 dē līġht'ful (fōōl), giving great pleasure.
 dē lǐv'ēr ǎnġe, the act of freeing.
 dē mūr'ēr, more sober, more serious.
 dē pār'tūre, the act of going away.
 dē scēnd', to go down.
 dē scēnd'ǎnt, offspring.
 dē spīşe', to scorn, to look down upon.

dě tše'tīve, one whose occupation is to find out concealed matters.

dis cern ing (dī zûrn'ing), shrewd, acute, judging.

dīs çī'ple, a follower.

dīs elōše', to reveal, to expose.

dis ease (dī zēz'), sickness.

dīs tīnet', clear.

dīs'triēt, a part of a town, city, etc.

dī vīn'ī tỹ, the state of being divine.

dī vi'sion (vīzh'ūn), act of dividing.

Dō mīn'ī eăn, the name of a religious order.

Dōn'ald, a boy's name.

drăg'ôn-flȳ, a very large insect.

dră'pēr ȳș, cloth used for decoration.

drēad'fūl lỹ (drēd'fōol), fearful, terrible.

drēnch, to wet through and through.

dūmb'found'ēd, made dumb with surprise.

dūn'gēon, a dark prison.

Dūtch, the people of Holland.

ēa'gēr nēs, the state of being desirous.

ēar'nēs, eager, serious.

ēf fēet'ēd, caused, brought to pass.

ē lēe trīç'ī tỹ, a force or power in nature exhibiting itself in light, heat, etc.

ēl'ē mēnts, the component parts.

Ē lī'ās, one of the prophets.

ēn dēav'ored, tried.

ēn trēat'ēd, asked earnestly.

ē rāse', to blot out.

ě řet', to build, upright.

ě tēr' nāl, forever.

ě tēr' nī tỹ, forever.

Eū'ehā rīst, one of the seven sacraments.

ex am i na tion (ěg zām'ĩ nā'shŭn), a test.

ex am ple (ěg zām'p'l), a problem, a sample.

ex cept (ěk sěpt'), to leave out, to exclude.

ex cit ed (ěk sīt'ěd), aroused.

ex cite ment (ěk sīt'měnt), the state of being aroused.

ex ile (ěk'sīl), one who leaves his country.

ex pect (ěks pěkt'), to look forward to, to await.

ex pe ri ence (ěks pē'rĩ ěns), skill or practical wisdom gained
by personal knowledge.

ěx trême', the greatest in degree.

făe'tō rỹ, a place where things are made, a workshop.

fām'ĩne, a scarcity of food.

făsh'ion a ble (ŭn ā ble), according to the latest style.

fā'tāl, deadly, causing death.

fē'māle, one of the two sexes.

fē'vēr ĩsh, having a fever.

fī'nāl lỹ, at last.

fīnch'ěş, a class of singing birds.

fōam'ỹ, covered with foam.

fōnt, a vessel to hold holy water.

fōr beâr', to be patient with.

fōre'fă'thěr, an ancestor.

fōr sâke', to give up, to desert.

fô'tĩ tũde, bravery in danger, firmness in trouble.

fô'r trěss, a fort or fortified place.

fôr'tũne, that which falls to one, luck, success.

frăe'tion (shŭn), a part of a whole or unit.

frĕn'zŷ, madness.

frĭnged, having fringe.

Ĝăl'ĩ lĕe, a country in the Holy Land.

ġär'lănd, a wreath of flowers.

ġär'mĕnt, an article of clothing.

ġĕn'ĕr ős'ĩ tŷ, the act of giving plentifully.

ġĕ ȡġ'ră phy (fĩ), the story of the earth and its people

ġĭng'hăġ, a kind of cloth.

ġôv'ĕr nor (nĕr), one who governs.

ġrăġ'mar (mĕr), the science of the correct usage of language.

ġŭsh'ĭng, overflowing.

hăr'bor (bĕr), a place where ships are sheltered.

hăr'nĕss ĭng, to put harness on, hitching.

hăr'vēst, the time of gathering crops.

heărth, the fireside.

hĕa'then, a person who does not believe in God.

Hĕ rō'dĩ ăs, the wife of Herod.

hĭl'ȡĕk, a small hill.

hŏl'ĩ dăy, a weekday on which the people do not work.

Hŏl'lănd, a country in Europe.

hŏl'ȡ ęăust, a burnt offering.

hŏm'ăġe, respect, reverential regard.

Hŏ'rĕb, a mountain of Asia.

Hŭ'rŏn, an Indian tribe.

hŭŧ'bănd, a man who has a wife.

hŷ ē'nă, a large wild animal found in Asia and Africa.

ĩ dē'ā, a notion.
ĩm ăġ'ĩ nă rŷ, fanciful, not real.
ĩm pā'tient (shĕnt), not patient, easily angered.
ĩm pēr'fēet, not perfect.
ĩmpô'r'tănt, weighty, serious.
ĩm prōve', to make better.
ĩn dūċed', lead on.
ĩn'dŭs trŷ, business, diligence.
ĩn'stĭ tŭt'ĕd, established, founded.
ĩn tĕl'ĩ ġĕnt, endowed with understanding.
ĩn'tĕr ĕst ĭng, engaging the mind.
ĩn'tĕr rūpt'ĕd, interfered, broken in upon.
ĩn vĕn'tor (tĕr), one who invents.
Īre'lănd, an island of Europe.
Ī'rĭsh, natives of Ireland.
Īr'ō quois' (kwoi), an Indian tribe.
Ī'săae, the son of Abraham, a boy's name.
ĩsleș, small islands.
Īș'ră ĕl, the Holy Land promised to the Jews.

Jămeș'town, a town in Virginia.
Jĕș'ŭ ĭt, a member of the Society of Jesus.
Ju'dăș, the apostle who betrayed our Lord.
jŭs'tiċe, fairness, giving to every one his due.

kĕl'sōn, a part of a ship.
kĭn'drĕd, the same family or race.

Lă'liĕ, a pet name for a girl.
lăn'tĕrn, a transparent case inclosing a light.

Lās Ēās'ās, the first priest ordained in this continent.
lătch'ēt, a shoe string.
law'yēr, one who practices law.
lēague, a union, an alliance.
lēg'is lā'tūre, the law-making body.
Lēin'stēr, a province in Ireland.
Lēon'ārd Ēāl'vērt, the founder of the Maryland colony.
lēp'rō sŷ, a chronic skin disease.
lōath'ing, disgusting.
lō'eŭst, a grasshopper.
loi'tēr, to delay, to linger.

Mā dōn'nā, a name given to the Blessed Virgin Mary.
măġ'ŷe, enchantment.
măn'ă ġēr, one who manages or directs.
măn'ġled, cut or bruised.
Mār'thā, a girl's name.
mā tēr'nāl, motherly.
mēd'dle, to interfere.
mēs'sēn ġēr, one who does errands.
mīd'nīght, twelve o'clock at night.
Mō'hawk, a tribe of Indians.
mōr'tāl, a human being.
mōurn'ful, sorrowful.
moŭs tăche', the hair growing on the upper lip.
munch'ing, chewing, eating.
mū'tī lāt'ēd, maimed, deformed.
nūt'tēred, spoken indistinctly.
mŷs tēr'ŕi oŭs, beyond understanding, strange, wonderful.

năt'ŭ răl íst, one who studies nature.
 nē'grō, a colored person.
 neigh'bor (bēr), one who lives near.
 neph ew (něf'ū), the son of a brother or sister.
 něk'nāmed, named in fun.
 Nō'ē, the man that built the ark. (See Noah.)
 Nō rēen', a girl's name.
 Nôrse, a dog's name.
 nŏtch, a nitch.
 nō'tŭge á ble, capable of being seen or noticed.
 nō'tion (shŭn), idea, belief, opinion.
 nū'měr oŭs, consisting of a great number of parts.
 nŭrs'ēr iēs, rooms for children.

 ô blĭged', compelled, forced.
 ôe'cŭ pā'tion (shŭn), work, a trade.
 of fi cial (ŏ fĭsh'āl), one who holds an office.
 ôl'ĭve, the fruit of the olive tree, a tree.
 ôp'pŏr tŭ'nĭ tŷ, chance.
 ôp pŏsed', set against, resisted.
 ôr dāĭned', raised to the priesthood.
 ôr'phan (făn), a child whose father and mother are dead.

 Pă ċĭf'ĭe, the name of an ocean.
 păn'thěr, a fierce wild animal.
 Păr'is, a city of France.
 pār tŭe'ŭ lăr, special, exact.
 pāseh, a Jewish feast.
 pās'tŭre, grass lands.
 pā'trŏn, the protector, the guardian.

păt'/tĕrn, a model.
 pearl (pûrl), a precious stone, a gem.
 pĕ'năl, pertaining to punishment.
 pĕn'ănĉe, reparation, suffering for sins.
 pĕn'măn shĭp, style of writing.
 pĕr'ish ĭng, destroying, dying.
 per'sĕ eût'/ĕd (pûr'), afflicted on account of one's religion.
 per sĕ vĕre' (pûr), to persist, to keep at a thing.
 pĕt'/tĭ eōat, an underskirt.
 Pha raoh (fă'rō), an Egyptian king.
 pĭl'/lār, a post.
 pĭn'ă fōre', a sleeveless overdress.
 plāgue, an affliction.
 plāin'tive, sad, sorrowful.
 plĕas'ănt riĕș, jokes, jests, fun.
 Pō eă hōn'tās, the daughter of an Indian chief.
 pōs ses'sion (zĕsh'ŭn), ownership, property.
 prĕ eō'cious (shŭs), old-fashioned.
 prĕp'ă rā'tion (shŭn), the act of getting ready.
 prĕ șĕnt'/ĕd, given.
 priĕst'hōōd, the office or dignity of a priest.
 prōb'lēm, a question for solution.
 prō ċĕed', to go forward.
 prō dŭċed', brought forward.
 prōm'ĭ nĕnt, standing out, eminent.
 proph'ĕt (prōf), one inspired by God to speak in His name.
 prō pōșed', offered for consideration.
 prōs'pĕred, succeeded.
 prō tĕet', to guard, to shield from danger.
 prō vĭde', to care for, to look out for.

prowl'ing, wandering stealthily.
pǔn'ish mēnt, pain or loss suffered for doing wrong.
pǔp'pŷ hōōd, the time when a dog is young.
pūr'chāse, a thing bought.
pūr'pōse lŷ, intentionally.
Pū'ri tǎnŷ, an English sect some of whom settled in America.
pŷz'zled, confused, confounded, perplexed.

quǎek, the sound made by a duck.
quāil, a game bird.
Quāk'ěr, a religious sect.
Quē bēe', a city of Canada.
quĕek'en ing, hurrying.
quĭv'ěr, to shake or move.

rǎft'ěr, sloping timber of a roof.
rāi'mēnt, clothing, what one wears.
rāi'sŷn, a dried grape.
Ra leigh (Rô'li), a family name.
Raph'ă ěl (rǎf), a great Italian artist.
rā'ven, a bird like a crow.
Rāy'mōnd, a boy's name.
rēad'ĩ lŷ, without delay.
rē ċēipt', a written acknowledgment.
rē ċēp'tion (shŭn), a welcome.
rēċ'ĩ pē, a formula.
rēek'onēd, counted.
rēe'ōl lēe'tion (shŭn), the act of recalling.
rē flēet'ēd, mirrored.
rē grēt'tēd, felt sorrow for.

rě mĩs'sion (mĩsh'ŭn), the act of pardoning or forgiving.
Rěnnes, a city in France.
rě quěst', something asked, a petition.
rěs'eũed, freed from danger, saved.
rě spõnd'ěd, answered, replied.
rě spõn'sĩ ble, accountable.
rě stõred', given back, returned.
rě vēaled', made known.
rě veng'e', to inflict harm or injury.
rěv'ěr ěnt, respectful.
rěv'ěr ĩe, day dream.
rĩg'gĩng, the ropes which adjust the sails.
Rõl'l'õ, a boy's name.

săe'rĩ fĩĉe, an offering to God.
săłm'õn, a large fish.
săne'tũ à rỹ, that part of a church around the altar.
Săn Dõ mĩn'gõ, one of the West Indian Islands.
săv'ăĉe, wild, fierce, untamed.
seârĉe'ly, barely, hardly.
sci'ěn tĩf'ĩe, according to science.
sēa gũll, a bird that frequents the sea.
sě lěet'ěd, chosen, picked out.
sět'tle měnt, the foundation.
shăġ'gỹ, rough with long hair.
shăt'těr ed, broken into pieces.
shĩn'gle, a piece of wood for covering roofs.
sĩm'ple, easy, innocent, single.
sĩ'rěn, alluring, enticing.
skěp'tĩ eăl, unbelieving, doubting.

sō qī'è tŷ, a number of persons formed into a company.
 sōl'ěmn, sacred, grand, dignified.
 sō lič'it oŭs, eager, anxious, careful.
 sōr'rōw ینگ, grieving.
 spe cies (spē'shēz), a class, a sort, a kind.
 spēk'led, spotted.
 spē'e'tā eleş, eyeglasses.
 Spēed'wēl, one of the ships used by the Pilgrims.
 sphere (sfēr), a round body, place.
 splēn'dor (dēr), great brightness, brilliancy, pomp.
 spōn'sor (sēr), a godparent.
 sprawl'ing, moving awkwardly.
 Squan'tō, the name of an Indian.
 stăg'gēred, tottered.
 stātes'măn, one versed in governing.
 străp'pīng, fastening with a strap.
 strēaked, striped.
 striet'lŷ, exactly, precisely.
 stŭd'dīng, a joist.
 stŭ'dī ō, the working room of an artist.
 stŷl'ish, fashionable.
 sŭb mīt'tēd, yielded.
 sŭb trăe'tion (shŭn), the act of taking away.
 sŭe'cor (ēr), to help, to aid.
 sŭf'fi'cient (fīsh'ěnt), enough.
 sŭm'mīt, the top.
 sŭr'făçe, the outside of an object.
 sŭr round', to inclose, to encompass.
 swan'like, like a swan.
 swarth'ŷ, dark-colored.

swīne, hogs, pigs.

sŷm'pā thŷ, kindly feeling, compassion.

Sŷr'ī ān, a native of Syria.

tāt'tēred, torn, ragged.

ta'wnŷ, dull yellowish brown.

těmp tā'tion (shŷn), enticement to evil.

těp'id, lukewarm.

těr'ri ble, dreadful.

tės'tā mēnt, either of the two divisions of the Bible.

thrēat'ened, to utter threats.

tōm'ā haŷk, the war ax of an Indian.

trěach'ěr oŷs, deceitful, untrustworthy.

treas ures (trězh'ŷrŷ), money, jewels, etc.

trī'fling, trivial, little, small.

trīn'kět, a small ornament.

trŷst'wōr thŷ, reliable, faithful.

twī'light, a faint light.

tŷ'rānt, a cruel ruler.

Űl'stěr, a province of Ireland.

ŷn wā'rŷ, not cautious.

ŷrġ'ing, pressing onward.

viē'tīm, one who is sacrificed for a cause.

Vi'king, a northman, the name of a dog.

viŷ'ī ble, that which can be seen.

vi sion (vīzh'ŷn), sight.

voy'āġe, a journey by water.

wāist'eōat, a vest.

Wal'těr, a boy's name.

waṛ'ri or (ẽr), a soldier.

wharveṣ, piers, places where ships land.

wĩḡ'ḡled, to move to and fro with a quick, jerky motion.

wĩl'děr něṣṣ, wild uncultivated land. .

wĩst'ful lý, longingly, thoughtfully.

wǒb'blỹ, unsteadily.

wōod'chűek, a ground hog.

wor'shĩp, homage paid to God.

Xav i er (Zäv'ĩ ẽr), St. Francis, the apostle of India.

yǒn'děr, at a more or lest distant place.

zōne, one of the five divisions of the earth's surface.